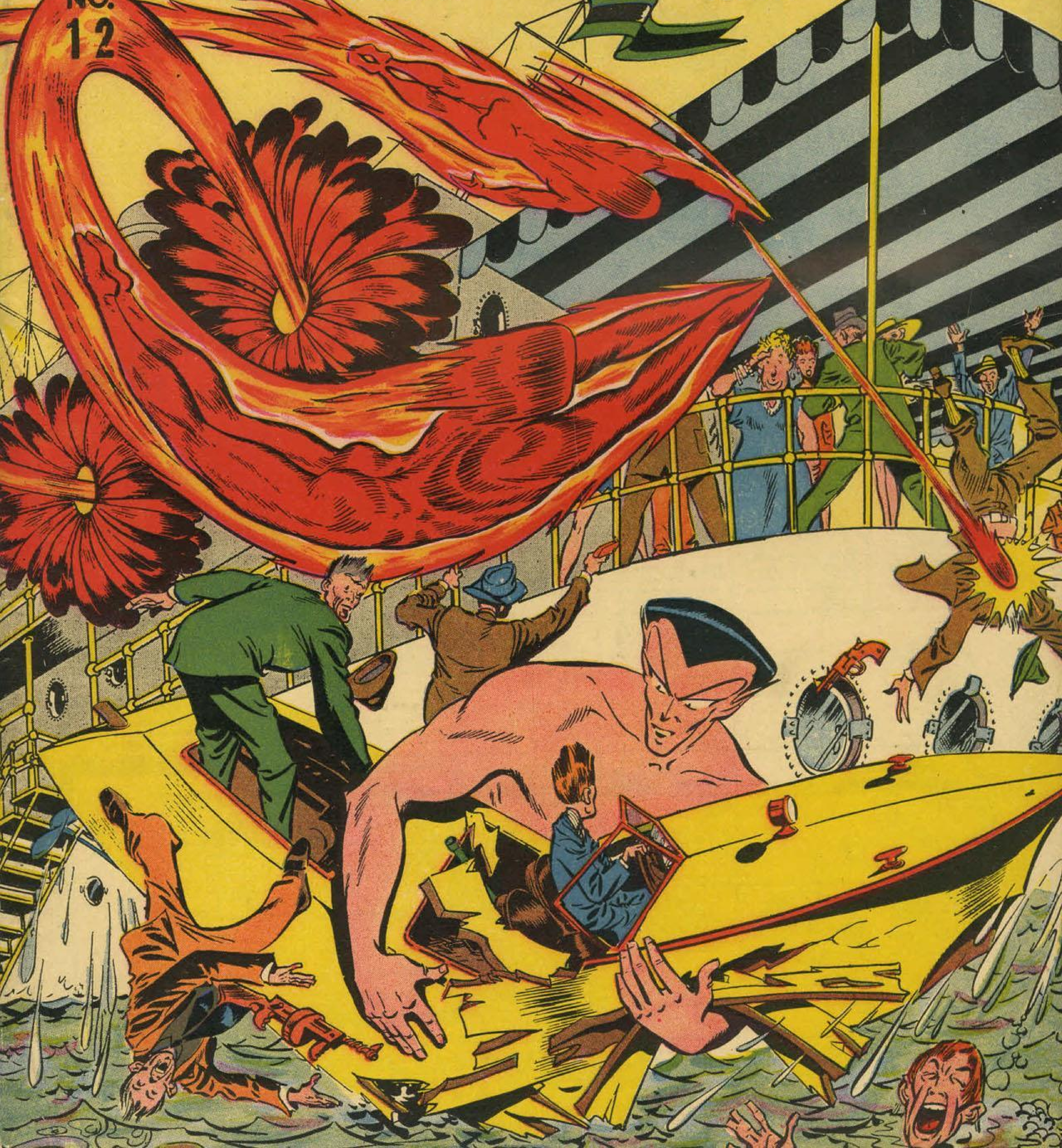
DARING

10¢

NO. 12

FALL ISSUE

COMICS



Amazing Bargains

Ladies' & Men's

RINGS

ENGAGEMENT, WEDDING, FRIENDSHIP RINGS

Your Choice $1.94

YOU MUST BE PLEASED OR YOUR MONEY BACK IN 10 DAYS

SEND NO MONEY: Just select ring you desire, indicate choice by number on coupon below—mail with ring size, name and address. For ring size place string or piece of paper around finger. Mark where end reaches. Send with order. When postman delivers package pay him $1.94 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If you send $2 cash or money order with order, we pay all postage.

HAREM CO., *(House of Rings)*
30 Church St., New York 7, N. Y., Dept. T-232

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4a [illegible]
5a [illegible]
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23. [illegible]
24. [illegible]
25. [illegible]

Due to war shortages we may not always have your ring in the style you want. To avoid disappointment therefore we suggest you mark your second choice in the space indicated in coupon.

26. [illegible]
27a [illegible]
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31a [illegible]
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HAREM CO. *(House of Rings)*
30 Church St., New York 7, N. Y., Dept. T-232

Send me ring style I have indicated. I'll pay postman $1.94 plus postal and C. O. D. charges. ☐ I am enclosing $2 with order, you pay all postal charges. If I am not satisfied I may return the ring within 10 days and get my money back.

First Choice Style No. ☐ Second Choice Style No. ☐ Ring Size ☐

Name...
(Please Print)
Address...
City.................................... State....................

Foreign and Canadian order must be accompanied by $2 with order

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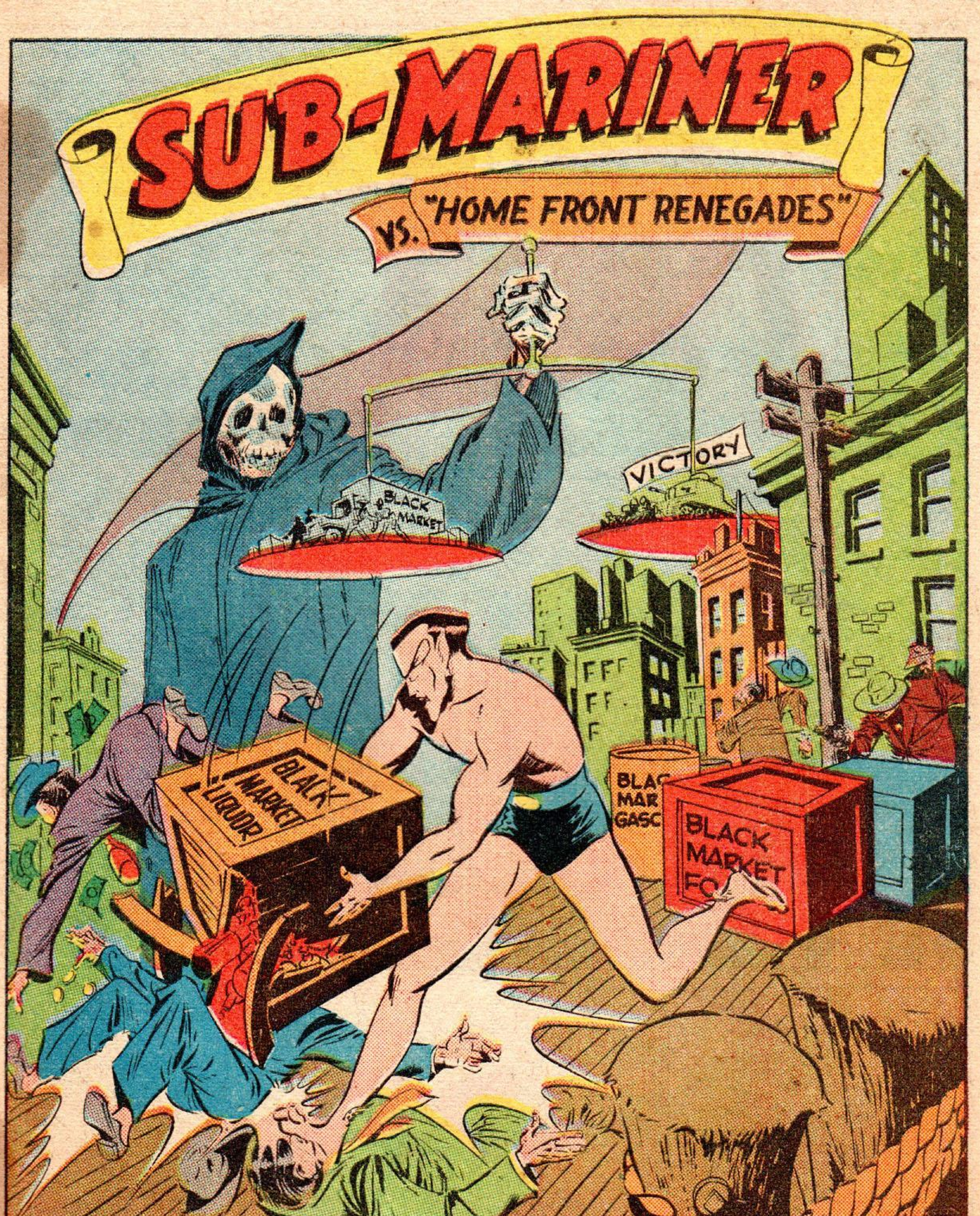
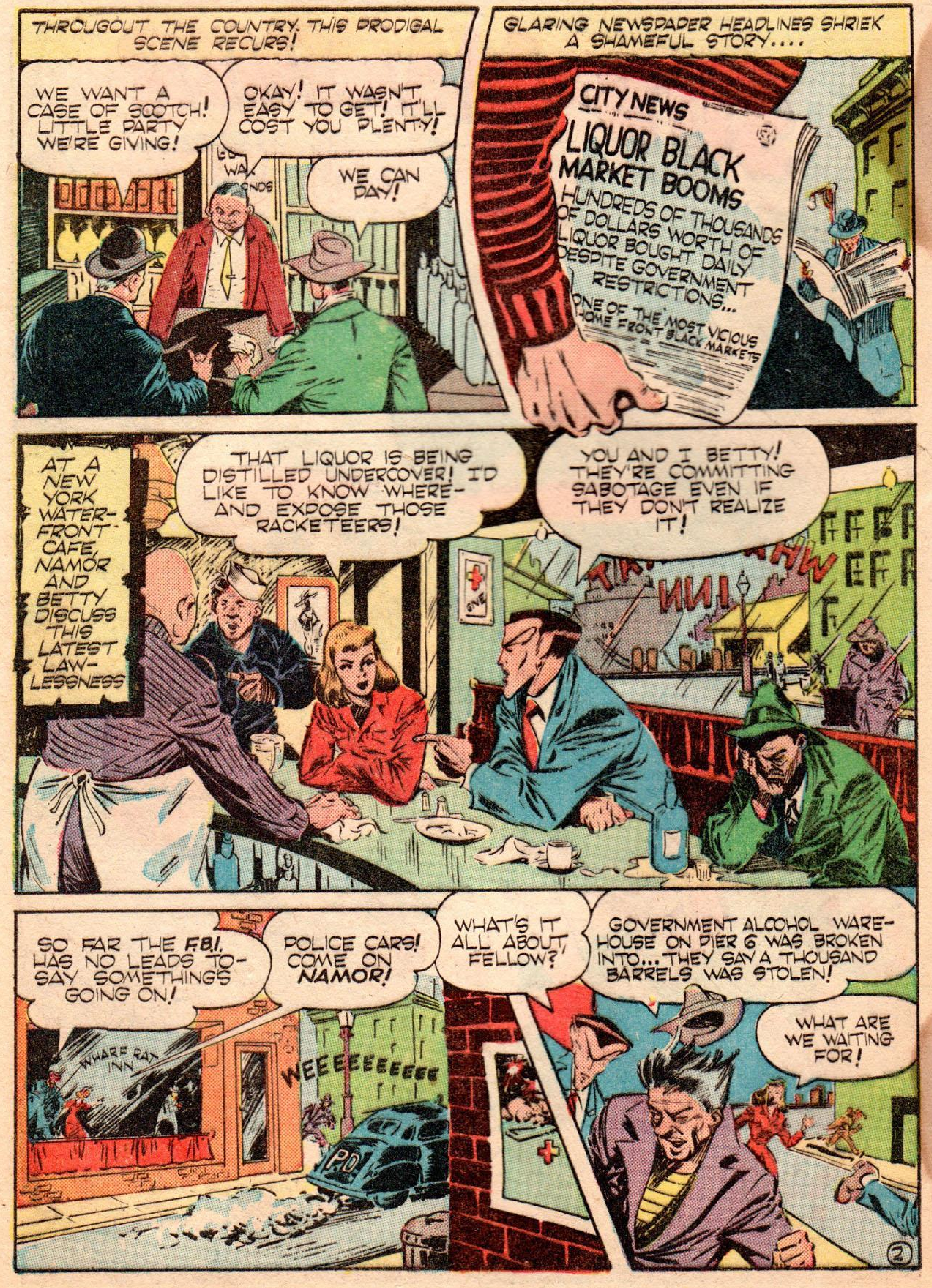
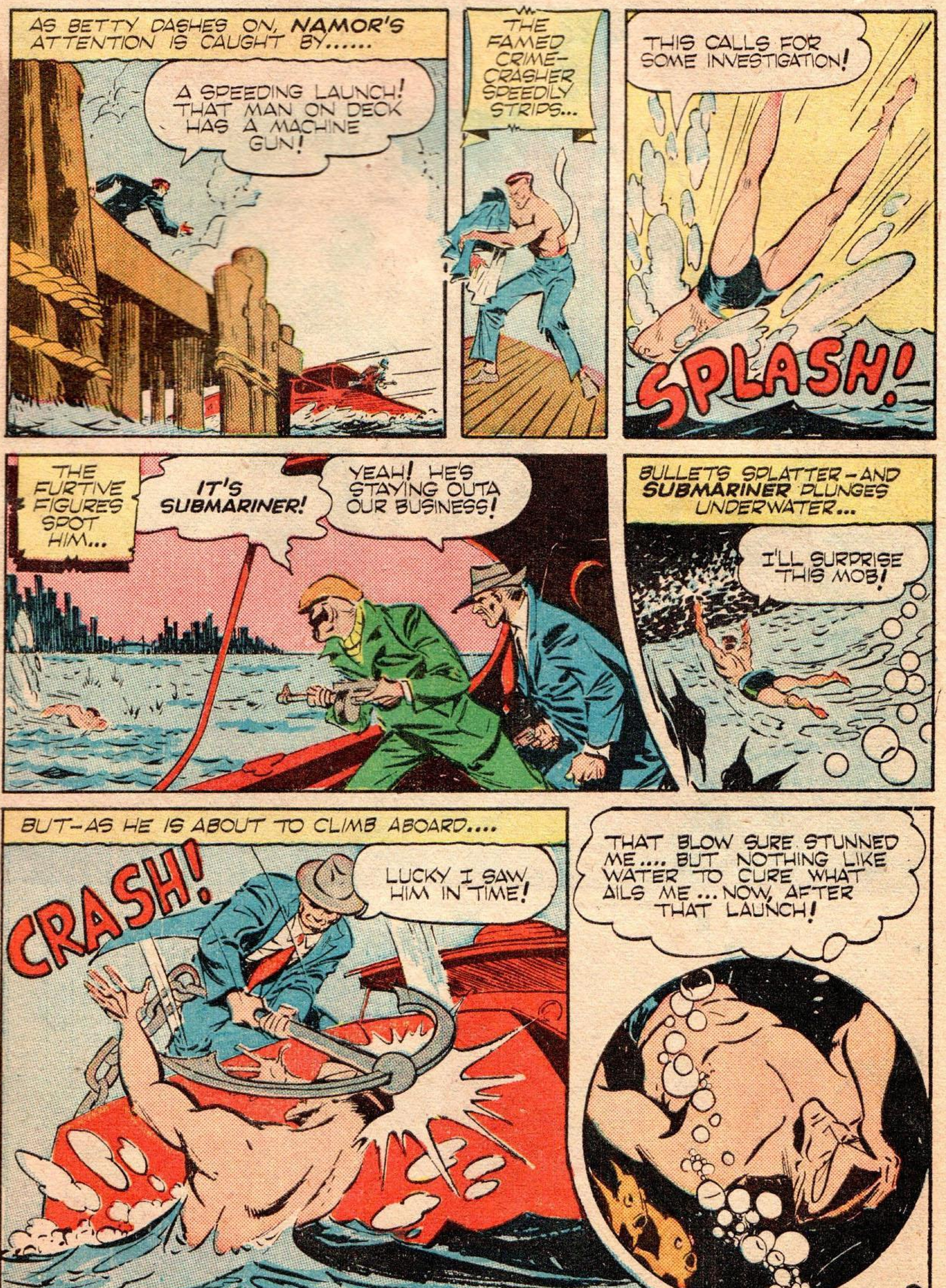
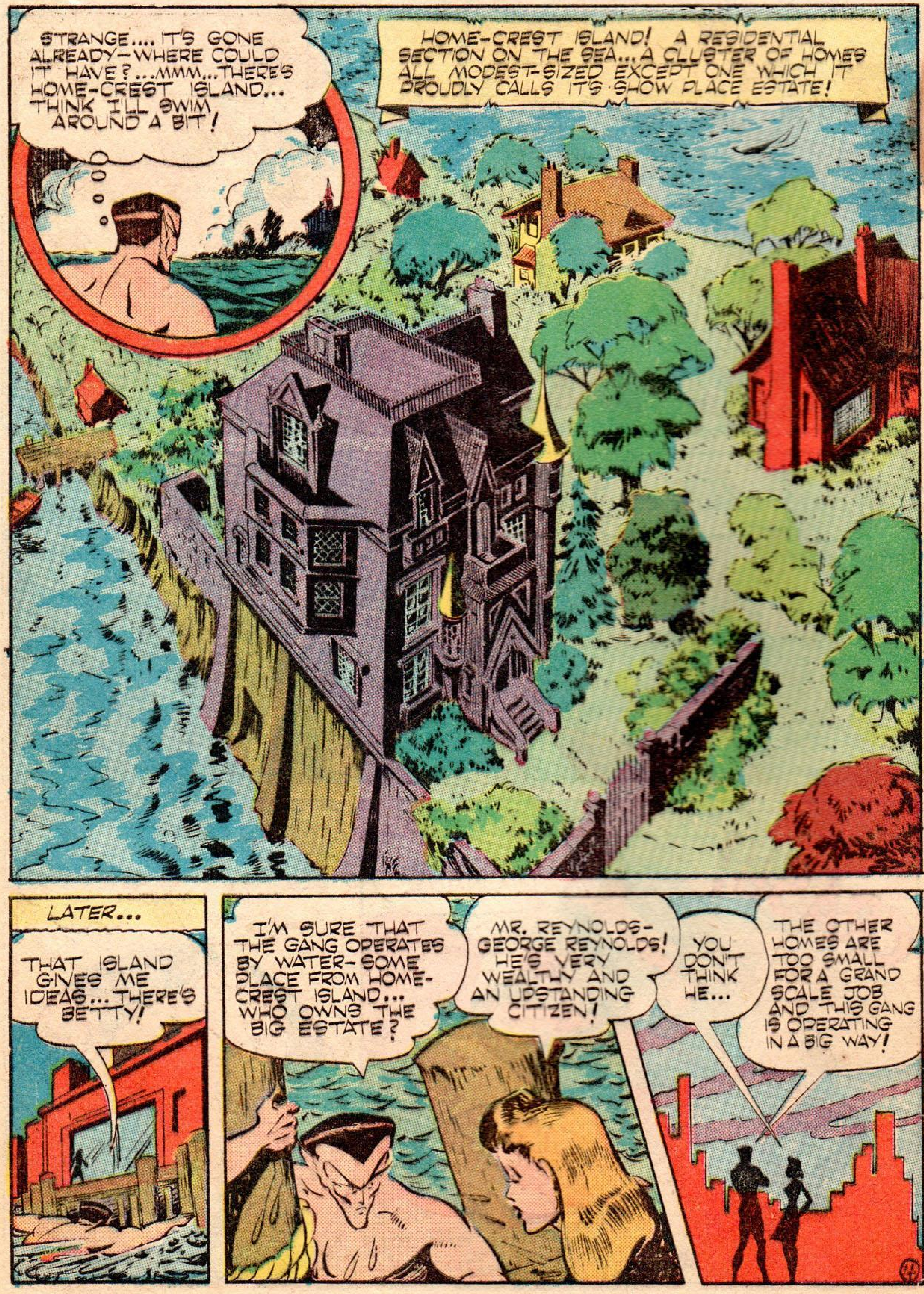

SUB-MARINER
VS. "HOME FRONT RENEGADES"
BLACK MARKET
VICTORY
BLACK MARKET LIQUOR
BLAC MAR GASO
BLACK MARKET FO

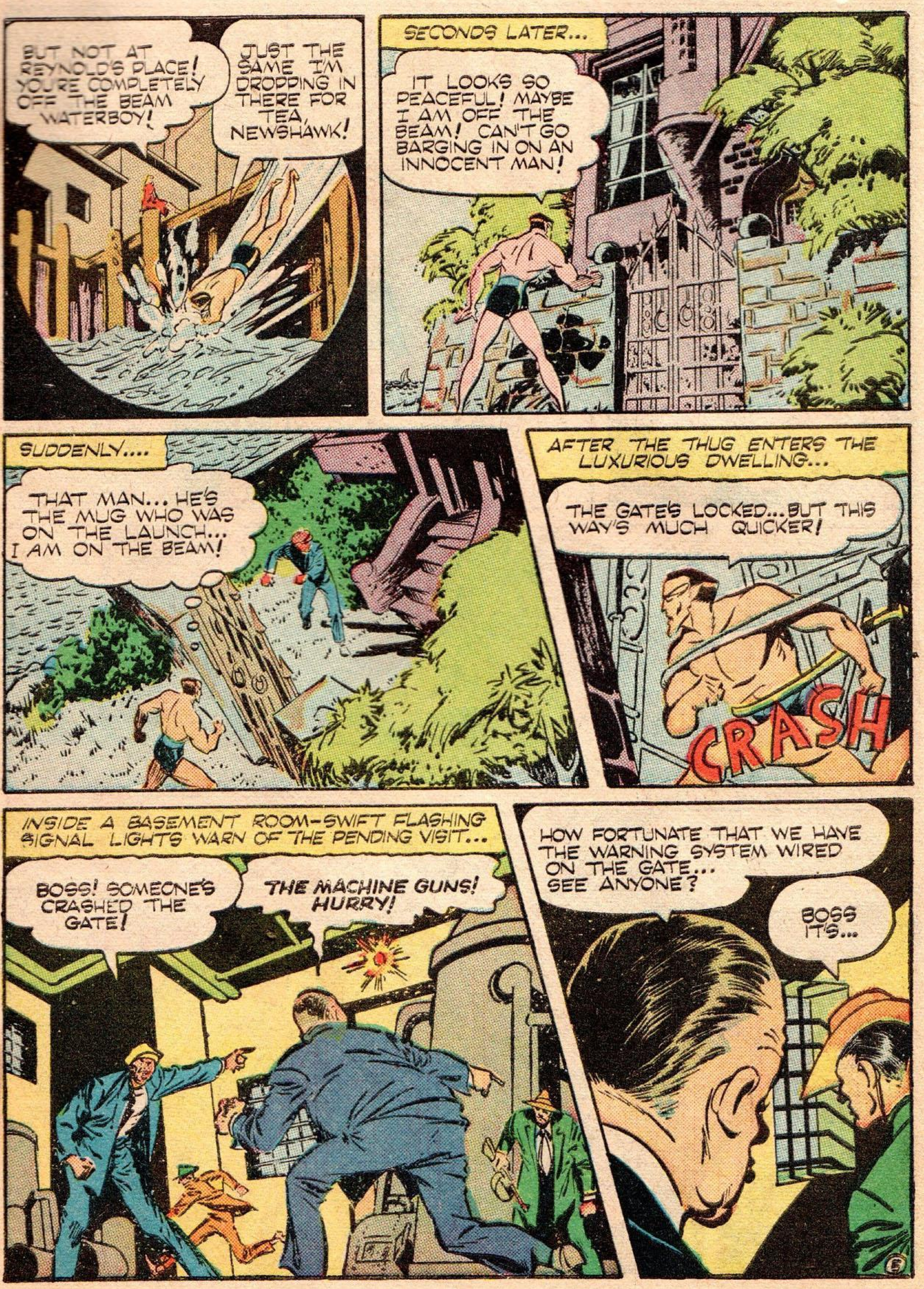
OUR SERVICEMEN FIGHT VALIANTLY TO SPEED THE DAY OF VICTORY! BUT ON THE HOME FRONT A WAR-TIME EVIL FLOURISHES... THE **BLACK MARKET**–FED BY UNPATRIOTIC PEOPLE WHO ONLY THINK OF THEIR OWN SELFISH AIMS! THE FEARLESS **SUBMARINER** PITS HIMSELF AGAINST RUTHLESS BUILDERS OF THIS MENACE–AS HE COMES TO GRIPS WITH–

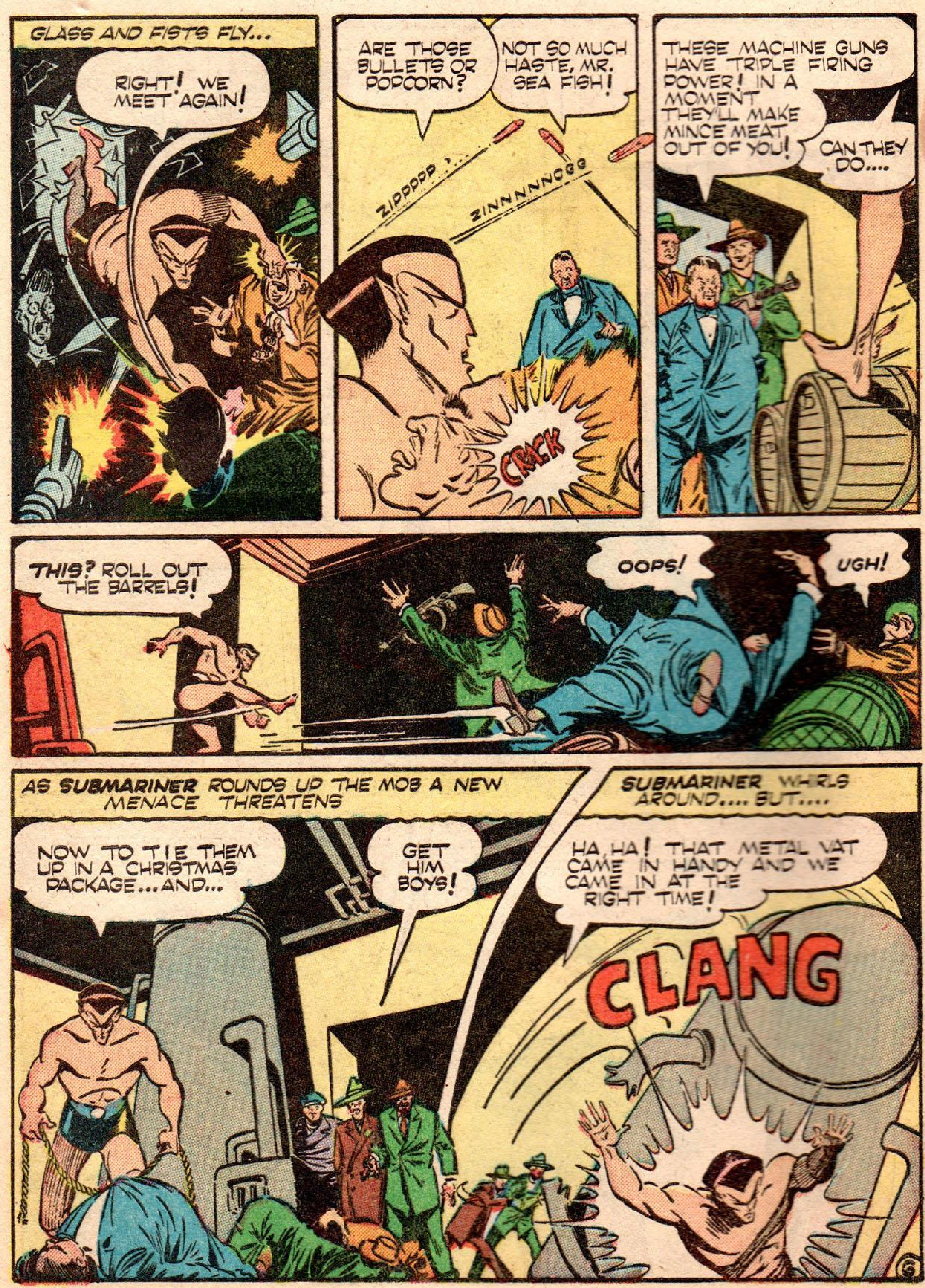
"THE BLACK MARKET SCOURGE!"

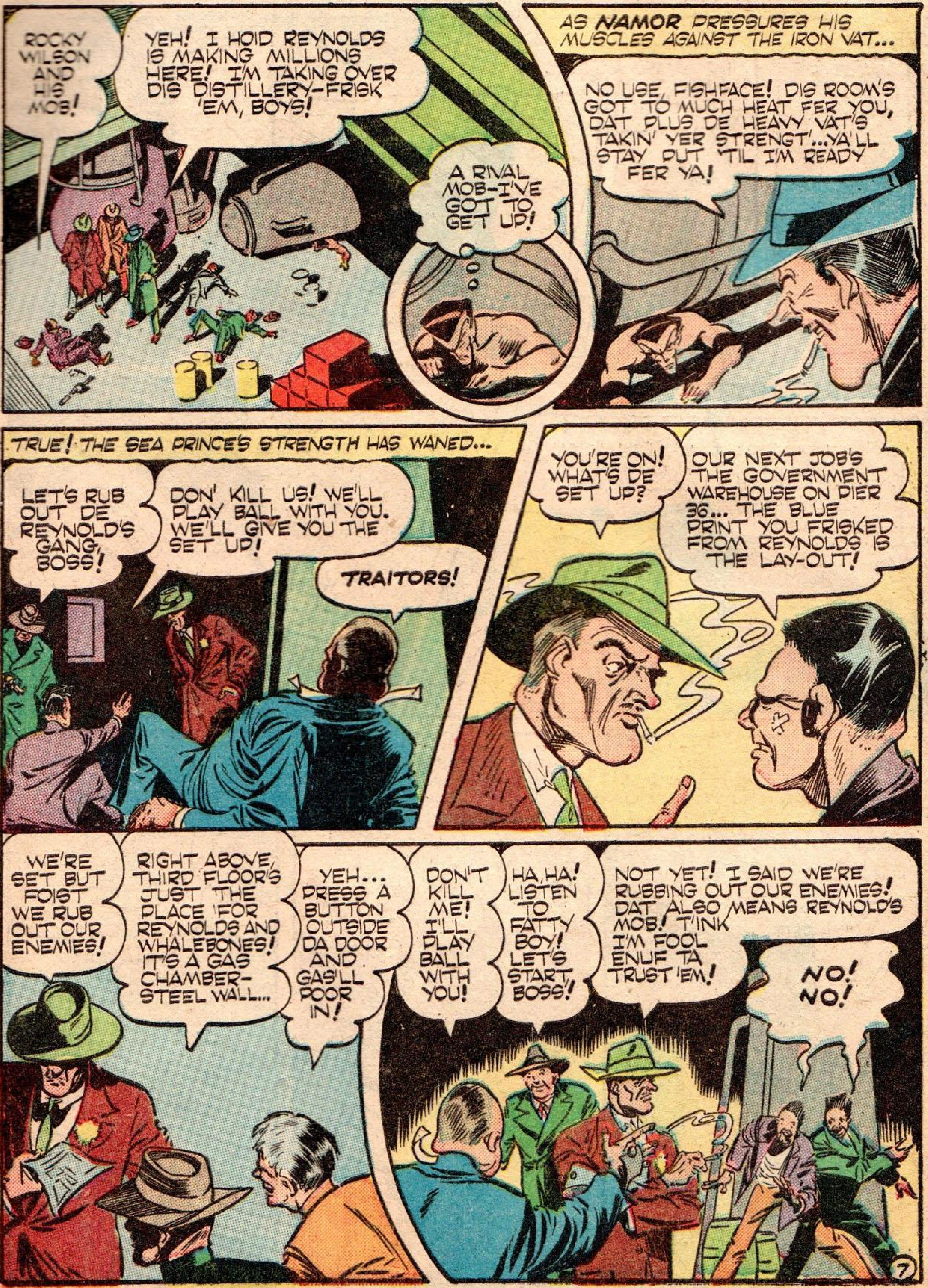

THROUGOUT THE COUNTRY, THIS PRODIGAL SCENE RECURS!
WE WANT A CASE OF SCOTCH! LITTLE PARTY WE'RE GIVING!
OKAY! IT WASN'T EASY TO GET! IT'LL COST YOU PLENTY!
WE CAN PAY!
GLARING NEWSPAPER HEADLINES SHRIEK A SHAMEFUL STORY....
CITY NEWS
LIQUOR BLACK MARKET BOOMS
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF LIQUOR BOUGHT DAILY DESPITE GOVERNMENT RESTRICTIONS...
ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS HOME FRONT BLACK MARKETS
AT A NEW YORK WATERFRONT CAFE, NAMOR AND BETTY DISCUSS THIS LATEST LAWLESSNESS
THAT LIQUOR IS BEING DISTILLED UNDERCOVER! I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHERE— AND EXPOSE THOSE RACKETEERS!
YOU AND I BETTY! THEY'RE COMMITTING SABOTAGE EVEN IF THEY DON'T REALIZE IT!
GIVE
SO FAR THE F.B.I. HAS NO LEADS TO— SAY SOMETHINGS GOING ON!
POLICE CARS! COME ON NAMOR!
WHARF RAT INN
WEEEEEEEEEE
P.D.
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, FELLOW?
GOVERNMENT ALCOHOL WAREHOUSE ON PIER 6 WAS BROKEN INTO... THEY SAY A THOUSAND BARRELS WAS STOLEN!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR!

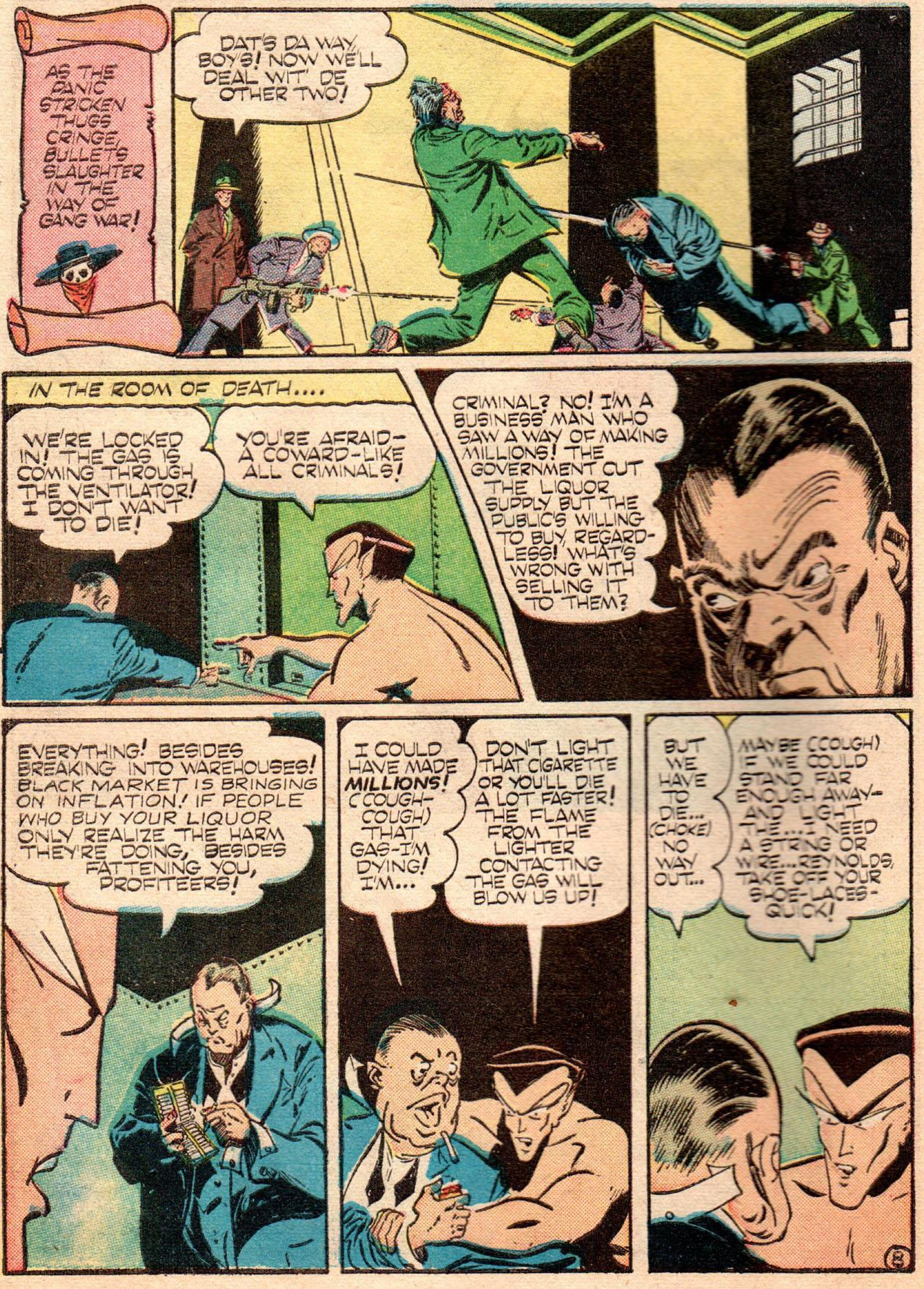

AS BETTY DASHES ON, NAMOR'S ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY......
A SPEEDING LAUNCH! THAT MAN ON DECK HAS A MACHINE GUN!
THE FAMED CRIME-CRASHER SPEEDILY STRIPS...
THIS CALLS FOR SOME INVESTIGATION!
SPLASH!
THE FURTIVE FIGURES SPOT HIM...
IT'S SUBMARINER!
YEAH! HE'S STAYING OUTA OUR BUSINESS!
BULLETS SPLATTER—AND SUBMARINER PLUNGES UNDERWATER...
I'LL SURPRISE THIS MOB!
BUT—AS HE IS ABOUT TO CLIMB ABOARD....
CRASH!
LUCKY I SAW HIM IN TIME!
THAT BLOW SURE STUNNED ME.... BUT NOTHING LIKE WATER TO CURE WHAT AILS ME... NOW, AFTER THAT LAUNCH!

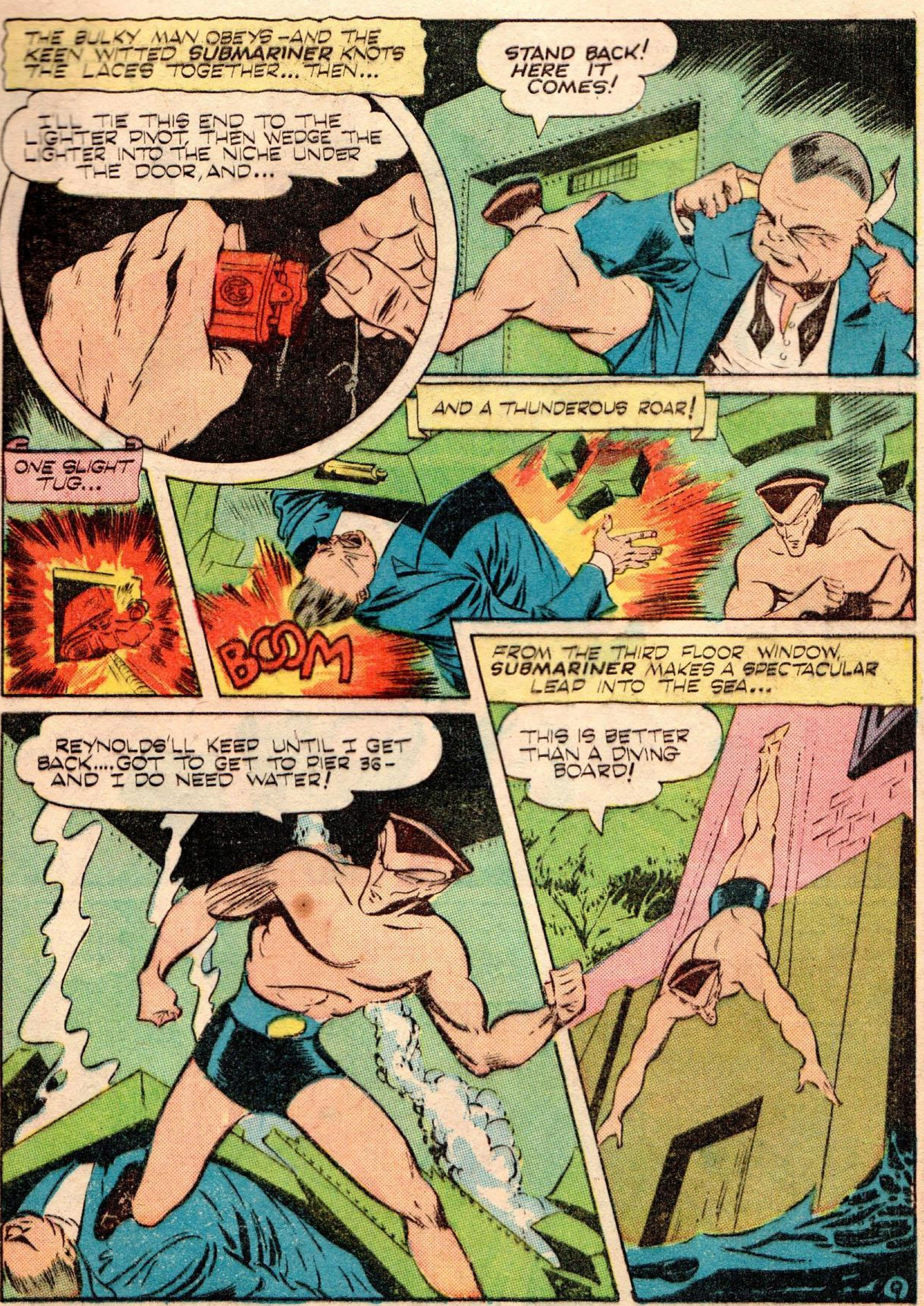

STRANGE.... IT'S GONE ALREADY—WHERE COULD IT HAVE? ...MMM... THERE'S HOME-CREST ISLAND... THINK I'LL SWIM AROUND A BIT!
HOME-CREST ISLAND! A RESIDENTIAL SECTION ON THE SEA... A CLUSTER OF HOMES ALL MODEST-SIZED EXCEPT ONE WHICH IT PROUDLY CALLS IT'S SHOW PLACE ESTATE!
LATER...
THAT ISLAND GIVES ME IDEAS... THERE'S BETTY!
I'M SURE THAT THE GANG OPERATES BY WATER—SOME PLACE FROM HOME-CREST ISLAND... WHO OWNS THE BIG ESTATE?
MR. REYNOLDS—GEORGE REYNOLDS! HE'S VERY WEALTHY AND AN UPSTANDING CITIZEN!
YOU DON'T THINK HE...
THE OTHER HOMES ARE TOO SMALL FOR A GRAND SCALE JOB AND THIS GANG IS OPERATING IN A BIG WAY!

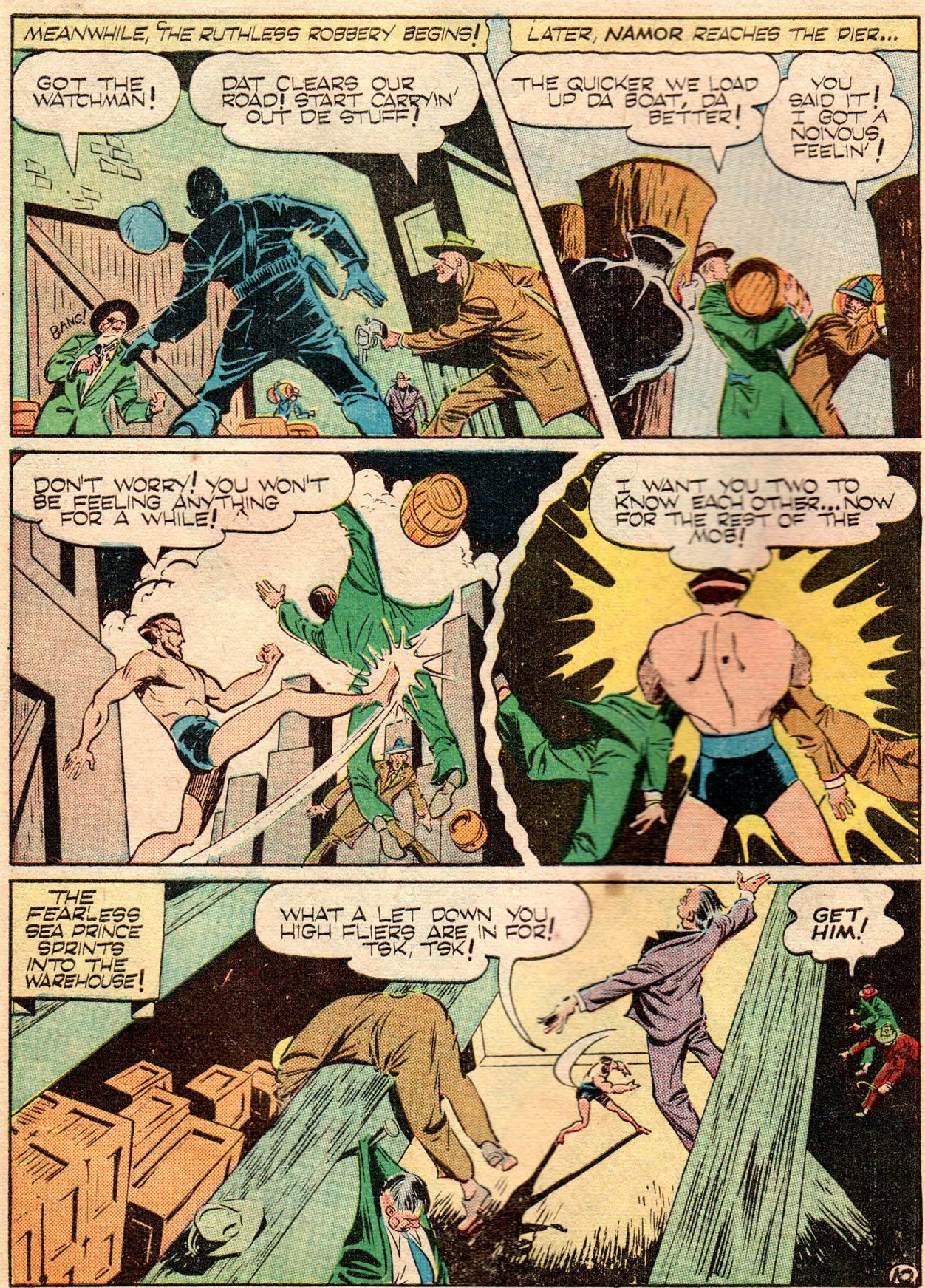

BUT NOT AT REYNOLD'S PLACE! YOU'RE COMPLETELY OFF THE BEAM WATERBOY!
JUST THE SAME I'M DROPPING IN THERE FOR TEA, NEWSHAWK!
SECONDS LATER...
IT LOOKS SO PEACEFUL! MAYBE I AM OFF THE BEAM! CAN'T GO BARGING IN ON AN INNOCENT MAN!
SUDDENLY....
THAT MAN... HE'S THE MUG WHO WAS ON THE LAUNCH... I AM ON THE BEAM!
AFTER THE THUG ENTERS THE LUXURIOUS DWELLING...
THE GATE'S LOCKED...BUT THIS WAY'S MUCH QUICKER!
CRASH
INSIDE A BASEMENT ROOM-SWIFT FLASHING SIGNAL LIGHTS WARN OF THE PENDING VISIT...
BOSS! SOMEONE'S CRASHED THE GATE!
THE MACHINE GUNS! HURRY!
HOW FORTUNATE THAT WE HAVE THE WARNING SYSTEM WIRED ON THE GATE... SEE ANYONE?
BOSS IT'S...

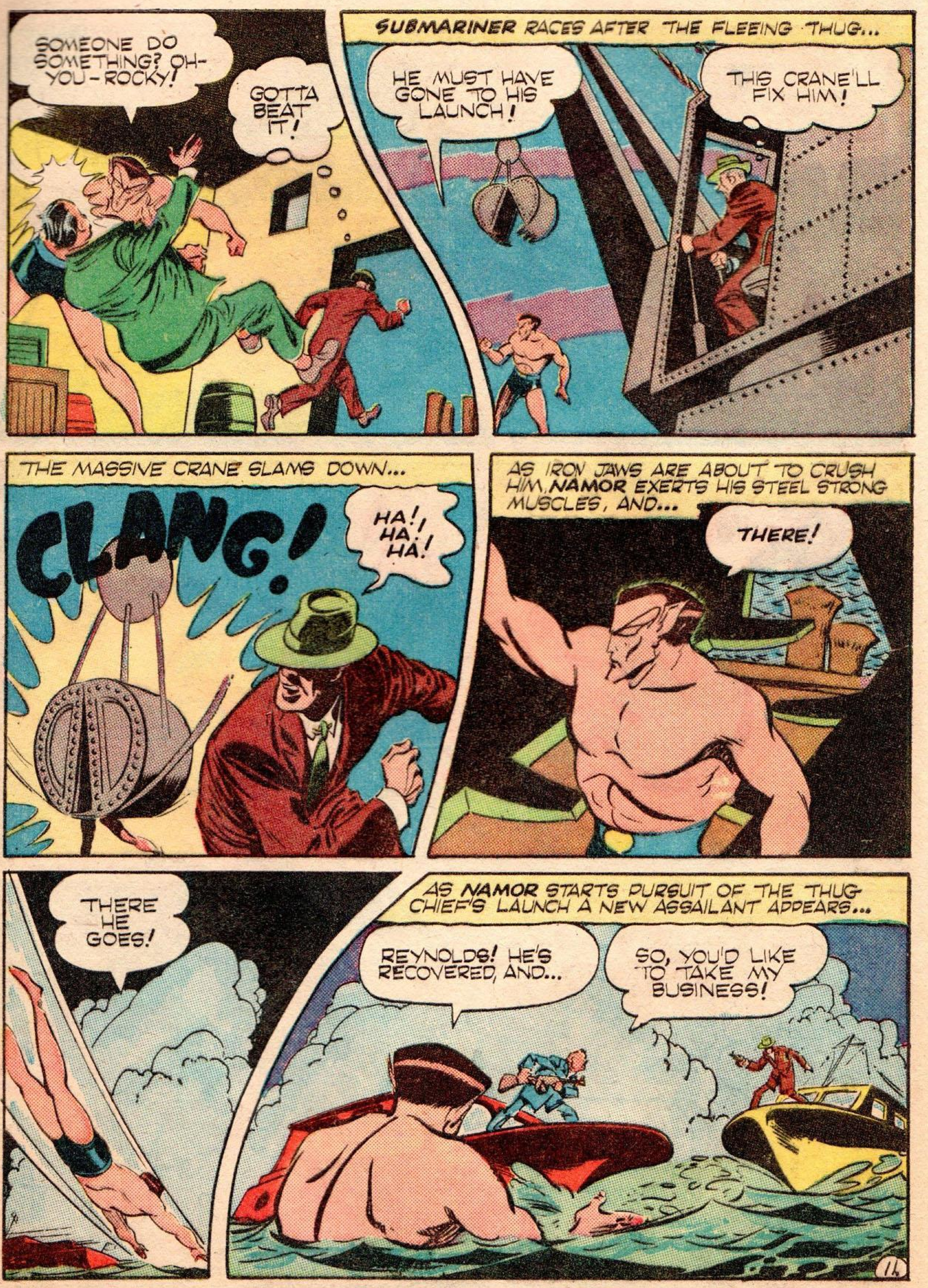

GLASS AND FISTS FLY...
RIGHT! WE MEET AGAIN!
ARE THOSE BULLETS OR POPCORN?
NOT SO MUCH HASTE, MR. SEA FISH!
ZIPPPPP...
ZINNNNNNGG
CRACK
THESE MACHINE GUNS HAVE TRIPLE FIRING POWER! IN A MOMENT THEY'LL MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF YOU!
CAN THEY DO....
THIS? ROLL OUT THE BARRELS!
OOPS!
UGH!
AS SUBMARINER ROUNDS UP THE MOB A NEW MENACE THREATENS
NOW TO TIE THEM UP IN A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE...AND...
GET HIM BOYS!
SUBMARINER WHIRLS AROUND.... BUT....
HA, HA! THAT METAL VAT CAME IN HANDY AND WE CAME IN AT THE RIGHT TIME!
CLANG

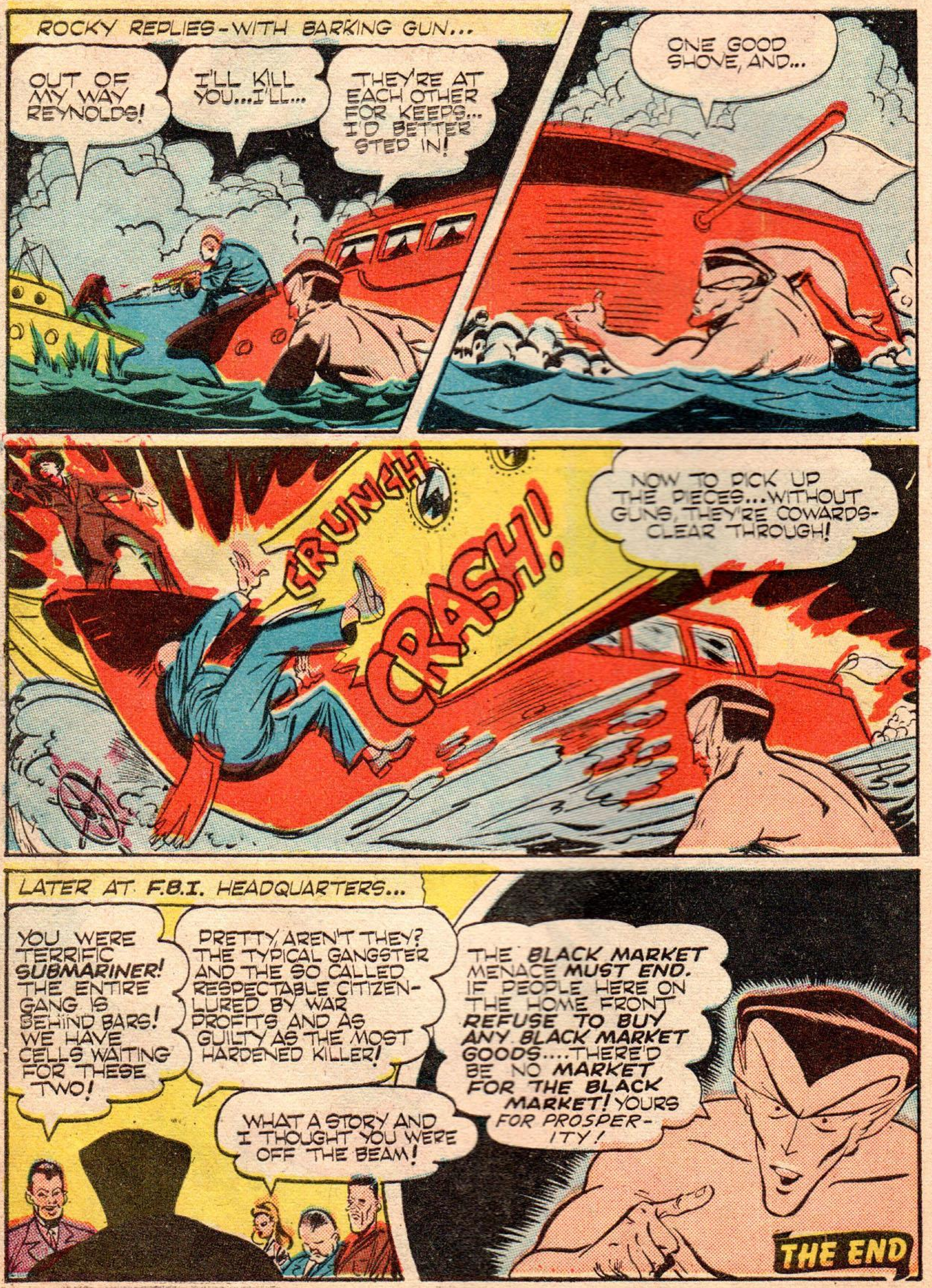

ROCKY WILSON AND HIS MOB!
YEH! I HOID REYNOLDS IS MAKING MILLIONS HERE! I'M TAKING OVER DIS DISTILLERY—FRISK 'EM, BOYS!
A RIVAL MOB—I'VE GOT TO GET UP!
AS NAMOR PRESSURES HIS MUSCLES AGAINST THE IRON VAT...
NO USE, FISHFACE! DIS ROOM'S GOT TO MUCH HEAT FER YOU, DAT PLUS DE HEAVY VAT'S TAKIN' YER STRENGT'...YA'LL STAY PUT 'TIL I'M READY FER YA!
TRUE! THE SEA PRINCE'S STRENGTH HAS WANED...
LET'S RUB OUT DE REYNOLD'S GANG, BOSS!
DON' KILL US! WE'LL PLAY BALL WITH YOU. WE'LL GIVE YOU THE SET UP!
TRAITORS!
YOU'RE ON! WHAT'S DE SET UP?
OUR NEXT JOB'S THE GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE ON PIER 36... THE BLUE PRINT YOU FRISKED FROM REYNOLDS IS THE LAY-OUT!
WE'RE SET BUT FOIST WE RUB OUT OUR ENEMIES!
RIGHT ABOVE, THIRD FLOOR'S JUST THE PLACE 'FOR REYNOLDS AND WHALEBONES! IT'S A GAS CHAMBER—STEEL WALL...
YEH... PRESS A BUTTON OUTSIDE DA DOOR AND GAS'LL POOR IN!
DON'T KILL ME! I'LL PLAY BALL WITH YOU!
HA, HA! LISTEN TO FATTY BOY! LET'S START, BOSS!
NOT YET! I SAID WE'RE RUBBING OUT OUR ENEMIES! DAT ALSO MEANS REYNOLD'S MOB! T'INK I'M FOOL ENUF TA TRUST 'EM!
NO! NO!


AS THE PANIC STRICKEN THUGS CRINGE, BULLETS SLAUGHTER IN THE WAY OF GANG WAR!
DAT'S DA WAY, BOYS! NOW WE'LL DEAL WIT' DE OTHER TWO!
IN THE ROOM OF DEATH....
WE'RE LOCKED IN! THE GAS IS COMING THROUGH THE VENTILATOR! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
YOU'RE AFRAID-A COWARD-LIKE ALL CRIMINALS!
CRIMINAL? NO! I'M A BUSINESS MAN WHO SAW A WAY OF MAKING MILLIONS! THE GOVERNMENT CUT THE LIQUOR SUPPLY BUT THE PUBLIC'S WILLING TO BUY, REGARDLESS! WHAT'S WRONG WITH SELLING IT TO THEM?
EVERYTHING! BESIDES BREAKING INTO WAREHOUSES! BLACK MARKET IS BRINGING ON INFLATION! IF PEOPLE WHO BUY YOUR LIQUOR ONLY REALIZE THE HARM THEY'RE DOING, BESIDES FATTENING YOU, PROFITEERS!
I COULD HAVE MADE **MILLIONS!** (COUGH-COUGH) THAT GAS-I'M DYING! I'M...
DON'T LIGHT THAT CIGARETTE OR YOU'LL DIE A LOT FASTER! THE FLAME FROM THE LIGHTER CONTACTING THE GAS WILL BLOW US UP!
BUT WE HAVE TO DIE... (CHOKE) NO WAY OUT...
MAYBE (COUGH) IF WE COULD STAND FAR ENOUGH AWAY-AND LIGHT THE...I NEED A STRING OR WIRE...REYNOLDS, TAKE OFF YOUR SHOE-LACES-QUICK!


THE BULKY MAN OBEYS—AND THE KEEN WITTED SUBMARINER KNOTS THE LACES TOGETHER... THEN...
I'LL TIE THIS END TO THE LIGHTER PIVOT, THEN WEDGE THE LIGHTER INTO THE NICHE UNDER THE DOOR, AND...
STAND BACK! HERE IT COMES!
ONE SLIGHT TUG...
AND A THUNDEROUS ROAR!
BOOM
FROM THE THIRD FLOOR WINDOW, SUBMARINER MAKES A SPECTACULAR LEAP INTO THE SEA...
REYNOLDS'LL KEEP UNTIL I GET BACK....GOT TO GET TO PIER 36—AND I DO NEED WATER!
THIS IS BETTER THAN A DIVING BOARD!


MEANWHILE, THE RUTHLESS ROBBERY BEGINS!
GOT THE WATCHMAN!
DAT CLEARS OUR ROAD! START CARRYIN' OUT DE STUFF!
BANG!
LATER, NAMOR REACHES THE PIER...
THE QUICKER WE LOAD UP DA BOAT, DA BETTER!
YOU SAID IT! I GOT A NOIVOUS FEELIN'!
DON'T WORRY! YOU WON'T BE FEELING ANYTHING FOR A WHILE!
I WANT YOU TWO TO KNOW EACH OTHER...NOW FOR THE REST OF THE MOB!
THE FEARLESS SEA PRINCE SPRINTS INTO THE WAREHOUSE!
WHAT A LET DOWN YOU HIGH FLIERS ARE IN FOR! TSK, TSK!
GET HIM!


SOMEONE DO SOMETHING? OH- YOU - ROCKY!
GOTTA BEAT IT!
SUBMARINER RACES AFTER THE FLEEING THUG...
HE MUST HAVE GONE TO HIS LAUNCH!
THIS CRANE'LL FIX HIM!
THE MASSIVE CRANE SLAMS DOWN...
CLANG!
HA! HA! HA!
AS IRON JAWS ARE ABOUT TO CRUSH HIM, NAMOR EXERTS HIS STEEL STRONG MUSCLES, AND...
THERE!
THERE HE GOES!
AS NAMOR STARTS PURSUIT OF THE THUG-CHIEF'S LAUNCH A NEW ASSAILANT APPEARS...
REYNOLDS! HE'S RECOVERED, AND...
SO, YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE MY BUSINESS!

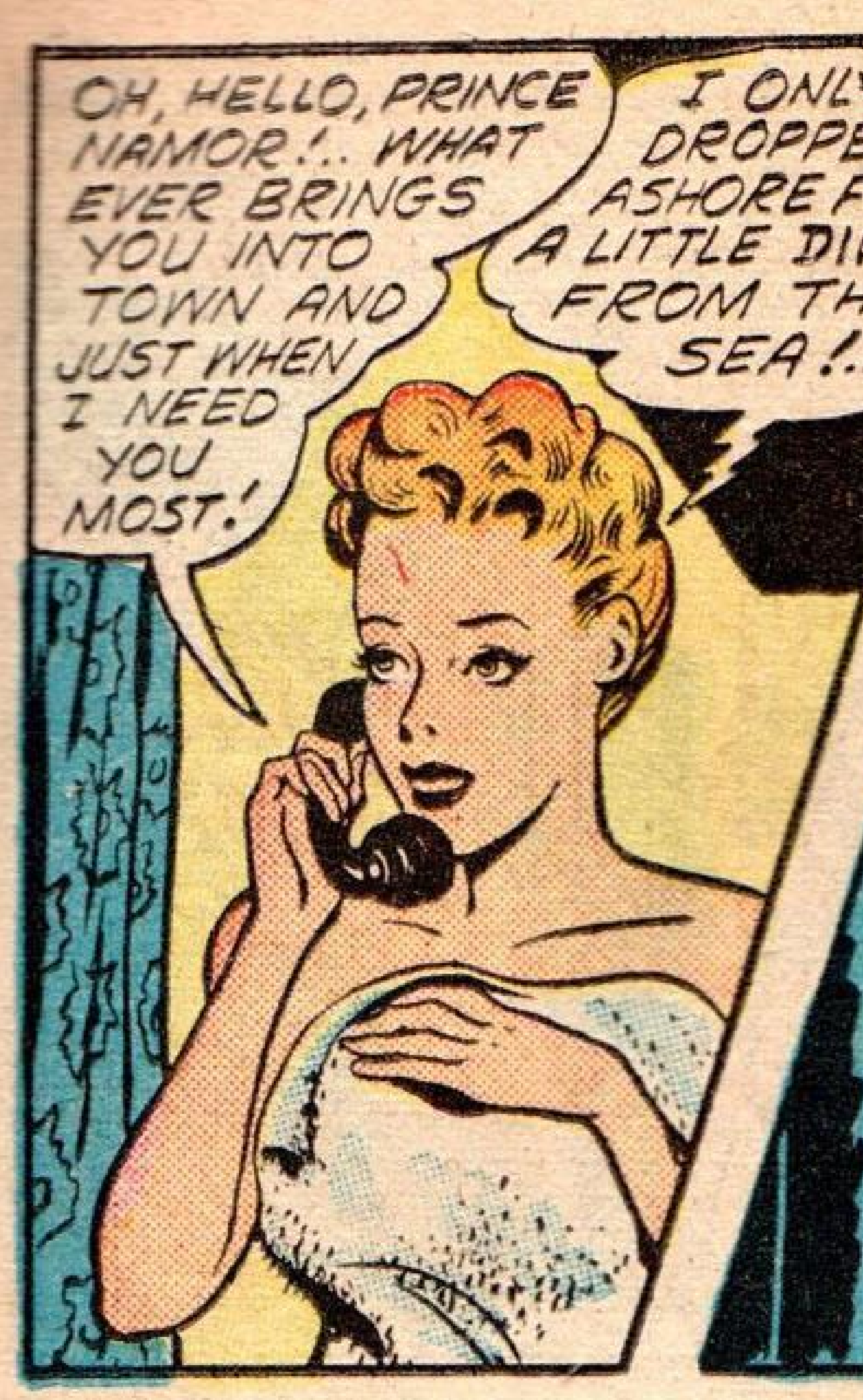

ROCKY REPLIES-WITH BARKING GUN...
OUT OF MY WAY REYNOLDS!
I'LL KILL YOU...I'LL...
THEY'RE AT EACH OTHER FOR KEEPS... I'D BETTER STEP IN!
ONE GOOD SHOVE, AND...
CRUNCH
CRASH!
NOW TO PICK UP THE PIECES...WITHOUT GUNS, THEY'RE COWARDS-CLEAR THROUGH!
LATER AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
YOU WERE TERRIFIC SUBMARINER! THE ENTIRE GANG IS BEHIND BARS! WE HAVE CELLS WAITING FOR THESE TWO!
PRETTY, AREN'T THEY? THE TYPICAL GANGSTER AND THE SO CALLED RESPECTABLE CITIZEN- LURED BY WAR PROFITS AND AS GUILTY AS THE MOST HARDENED KILLER!
THE BLACK MARKET MENACE MUST END. IF PEOPLE HERE ON THE HOME FRONT REFUSE TO BUY ANY BLACK MARKET GOODS....THERE'D BE NO MARKET FOR THE BLACK MARKET! YOURS FOR PROSPERITY!
WHAT A STORY AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE OFF THE BEAM!
THE END

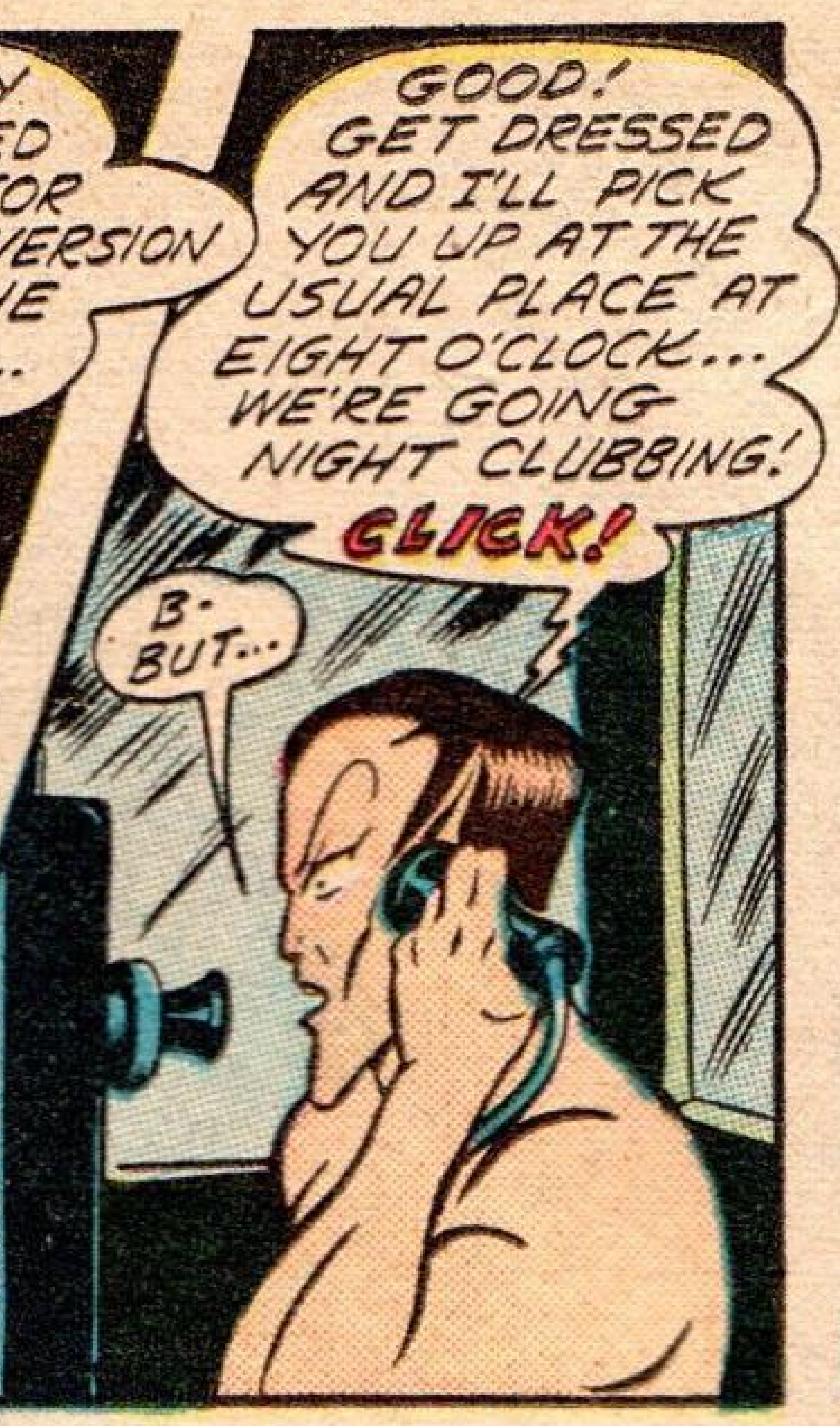
SUB-MARINER
DIAMOND of DEATH!

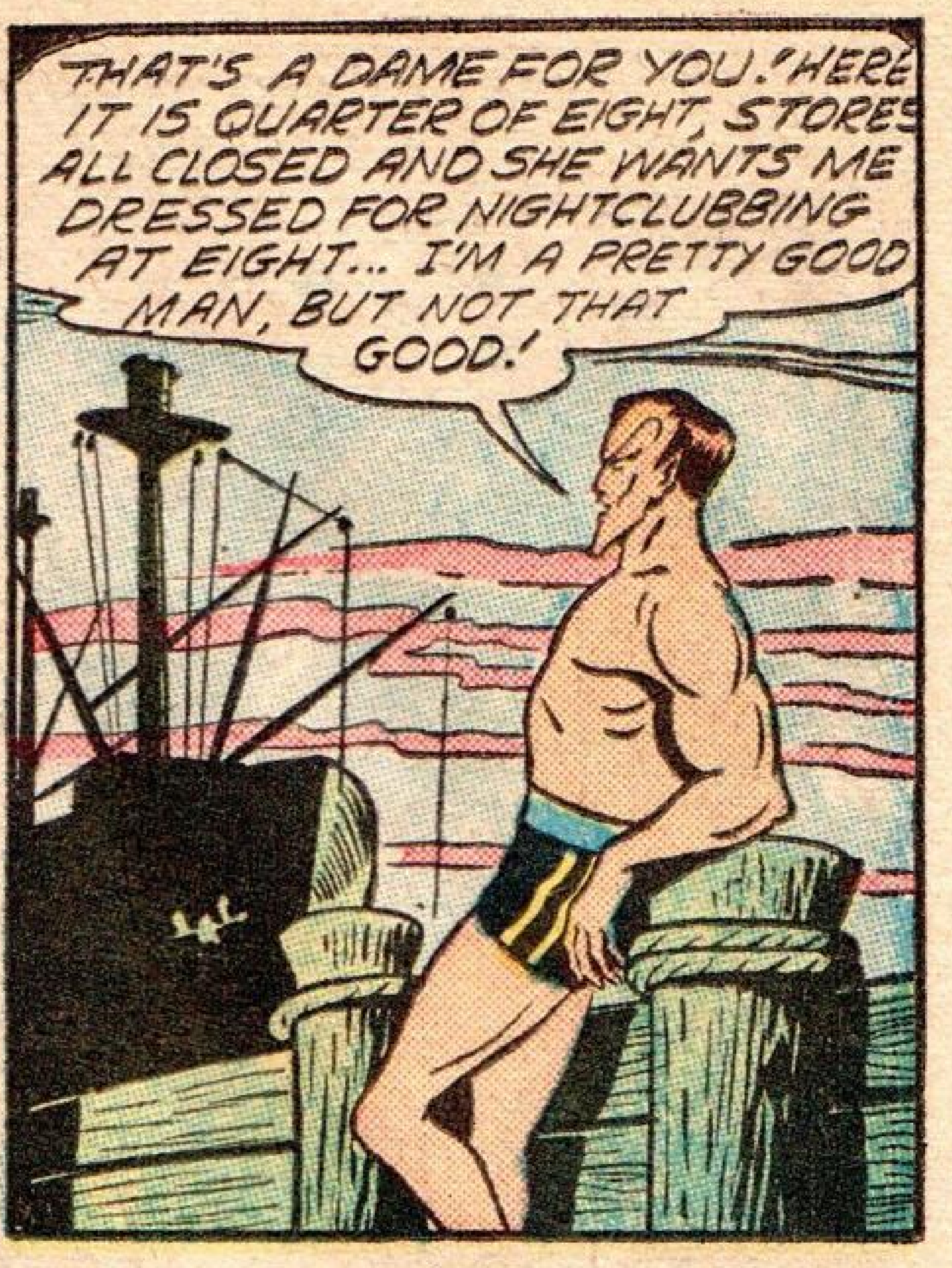
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN EASTERN CITY A CAR COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP IN FRONT OF A ROAD HOUSE AND FROM IT LEAPS A FIGURE...
"2"
CLUB "22"
BENT ON SEEING THE MANAGER WHEN...
OOPH!
Y-YA CA-CA-CAN'T G-GO IN TH-TH-THERE! P-PRIVATE... CA-CAN'T YA RE-READ?!
PRIVATE
A. FINELLI
MANAGER
WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET? ...OHH, BOBBY TOLAN! ...COME NOW, BOYS, LET HIM IN!... WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BOBBY?
YOU KNOW VERY WELL, YA SMUGGLER! I WAS MUGGED FOR THE DIAMOND I BOUGHT FROM YOU AND RECOGNIZED ONE OF YOUR STUTTERING GANG! SO FORK IT OVER, OR ELSE!
YOU'RE MISTAKEN, BOBBY...
...I DON'T OPERATE THAT WAY!
OH, NO! WE'LL SEE WHAT THE LAW THINKS!
NO, RED! LET HIM GO!
B-BUT B-B-BOSS HE-HE'LL T-T-TELL THA L-L-LAW!
O-OUCH!
SLAP!
YOU NUMBSKULL! WHEN ARE YOU GONNA LEARN TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT?! AND THAT I DON'T WANT ANY KILLING AROUND HERE...

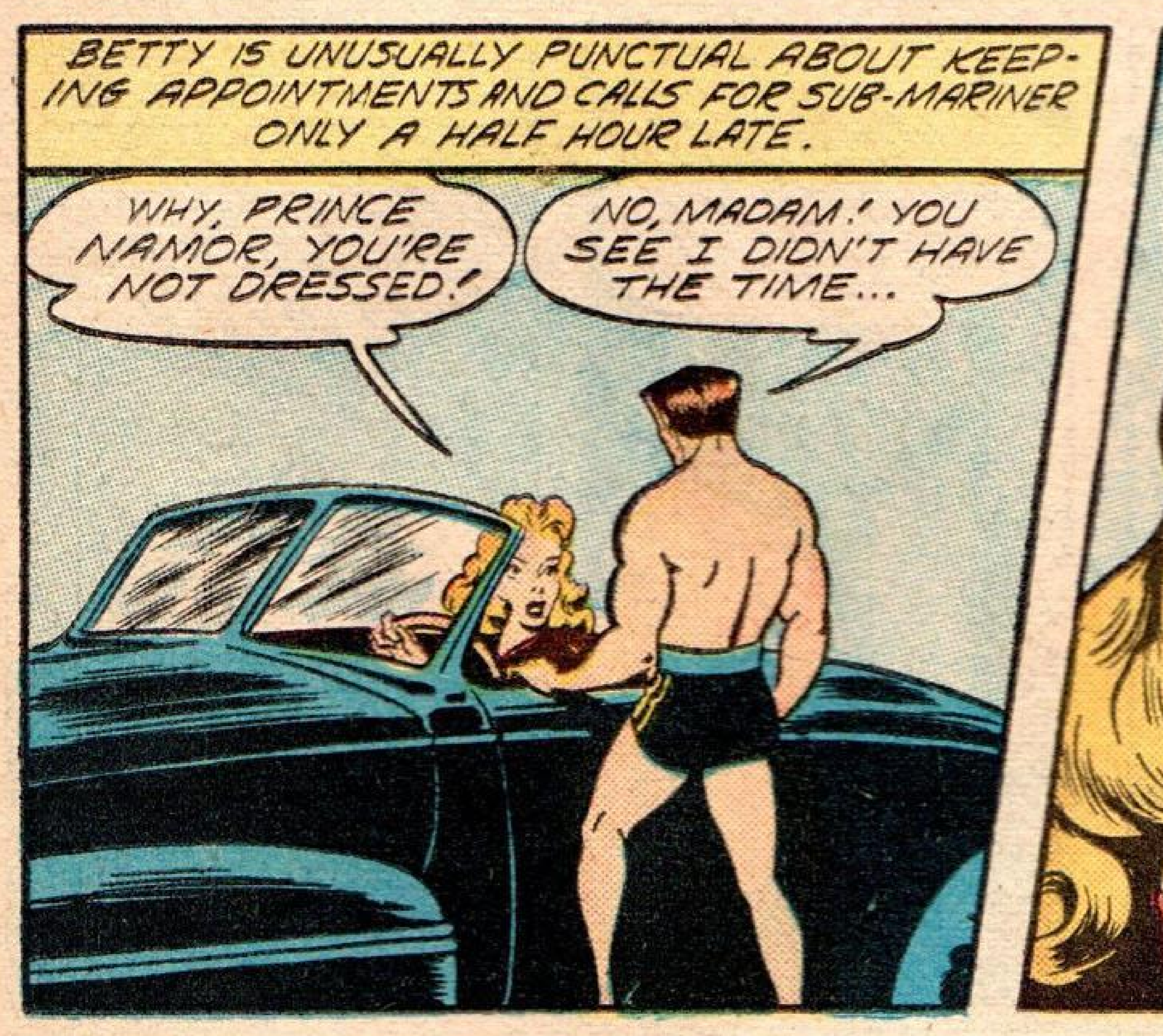
NOW, GET GOIN' AND GET TOLAN BEFORE HE SQUAWKS!.. TAKE VULTURE BEAK ALONG TO DRIVE FOR YOU!
YA-YA-YES, SIR, B-B-BOSS!
THAT BLINKETY BLANK STUTTERING RED BONEHEAD! AS SOON AS I HAVE NO MORE USE FOR A KILLER I'LL BUMP HIM OFF MYSELF!
TICH, TICH, NOW, SWEETY PIE! TAKE IT EASY AND YOU'LL LAST LONGER!
MEANWHILE RED AND VULTURE BEAK CLOSE IN ON BOBBY TOLAN.
AND...
TH-THIS I-I-IS L-L-LIKE M-M-MILK AND HA-HA-HONEY T-TO M-ME!
QUIT YA STUTTERIN BLOODLUST! BE SURE YOU DON'T MISS!
RAT-TAT-TA-TAT-TAT
ORGH!
I-I-I N-N-NEVER MISS!
CRASH!
HEY, MA! CALL THE DOCTOR!.. A CAR JUST JUMPED THE CLIFF!.. I'M AGONNA SEE WHAT I KIN DO TILL HE GETS HERE!

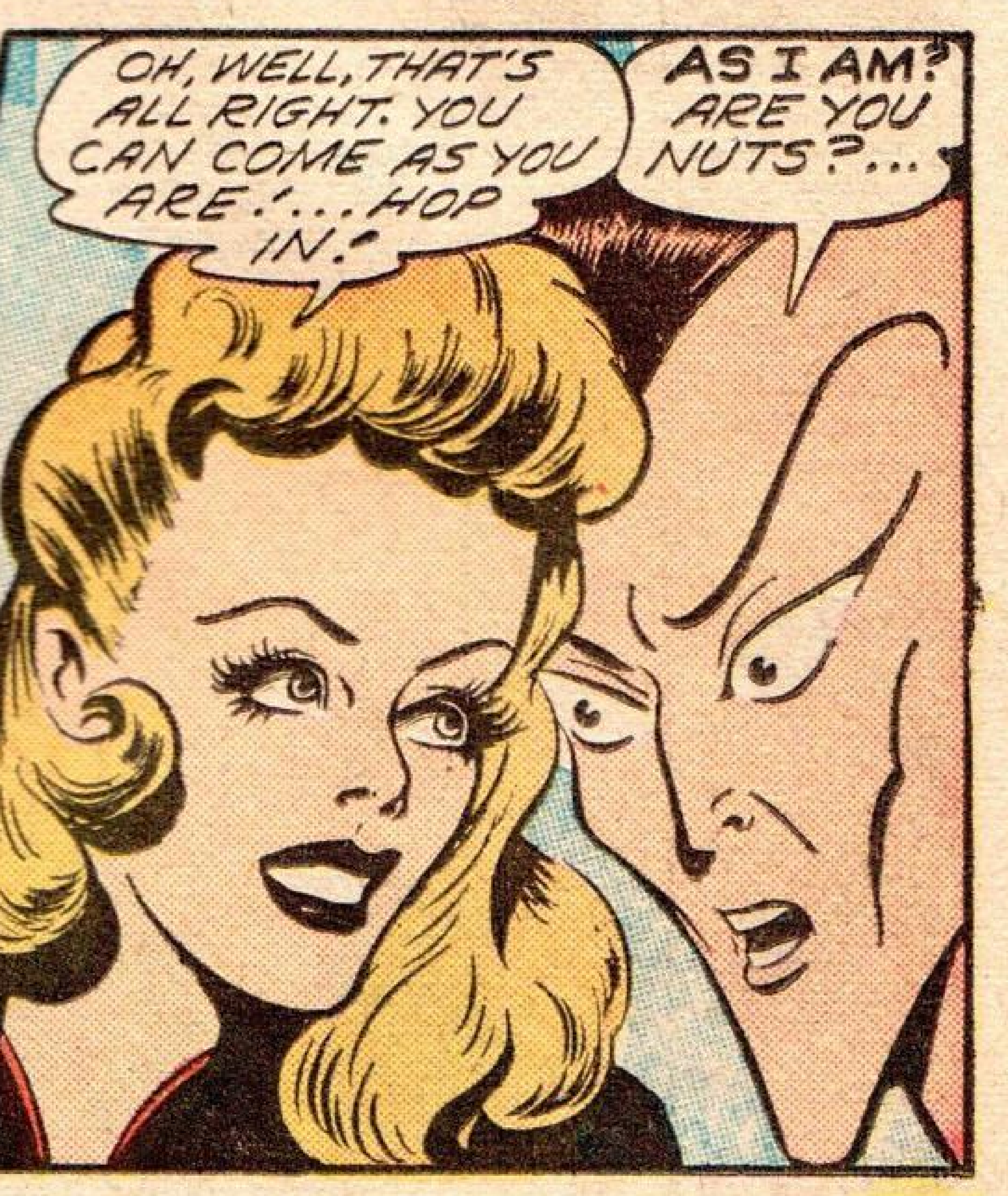
A FEW MINUTES LATER ..
THIS MAN'S DEAD! YEP, DEADER'N A DOOR NAIL! RIDDLED WITH BULLETS LIKE AS IF HE WAS A SIEVE! SOMEBODY SURE DIDN'T LIKE HIM!
HEY, MA! CALL THE SHERIFF! IT'S MURDER!! RIGHT IN OUR PRIZE OATS, TOO!
A REPORT OF THE KILLING REACHES THE "STAR" AND AS EXTRAS ARE BEING RUN OFF...
...ALL RIGHT, BETTY! YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT! IT'S YOURS...
...AND DON'T SHOW UP UNTIL YOU'VE GOT ALL THE DOPE! AND IF YOU'RE SCOOPED, DON'T EVER SHOW UP!.. GET GOING NOW......WHAT TH?.. SHE'S DOWN AT HER CAR ALREADY! ...SOME GAL!!
BETTY MEANDERS HER CAR THROUGH A LESS ATTRACTIVE PART OF TOWN...
POOR BOBBY. HE WAS EXPECTED TO BE ENGAGED AT ANYTIME... THE POLICE ARE IN THE DARK ABOUT THIS CASE... I WONDER WHERE "STOOLEY" IS? HE'S USUALLY IN ON THE KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS FOR A PRICE...OH, THERE HE IS AT THE NEXT LIGHT! BETTER MAKE IT ON RED!
WINDSHIELD CLEANED FOR A NICKEL, LADY!... PSSST! TWENTY DOLLARS BUYS TIP TO TOLAN CASE!
OKAY. HERE YOU ARE! WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME?
THANKS, MISS!... TOODLEY OOO... PSST! CLUB TWENTY TWO IS A GOOD BET FOR YOU... TOODLE DOO!
S'LONG, STOOLEY! SEE YOU AGAIN!
LATER THAT EVENING AS BETTY PREPARES TO VISIT CLUB "22".
NOW, WHO COULD THAT BE?! AND OF ALL THE TIMES TO CALL, OH, WELL!
RING! RING!

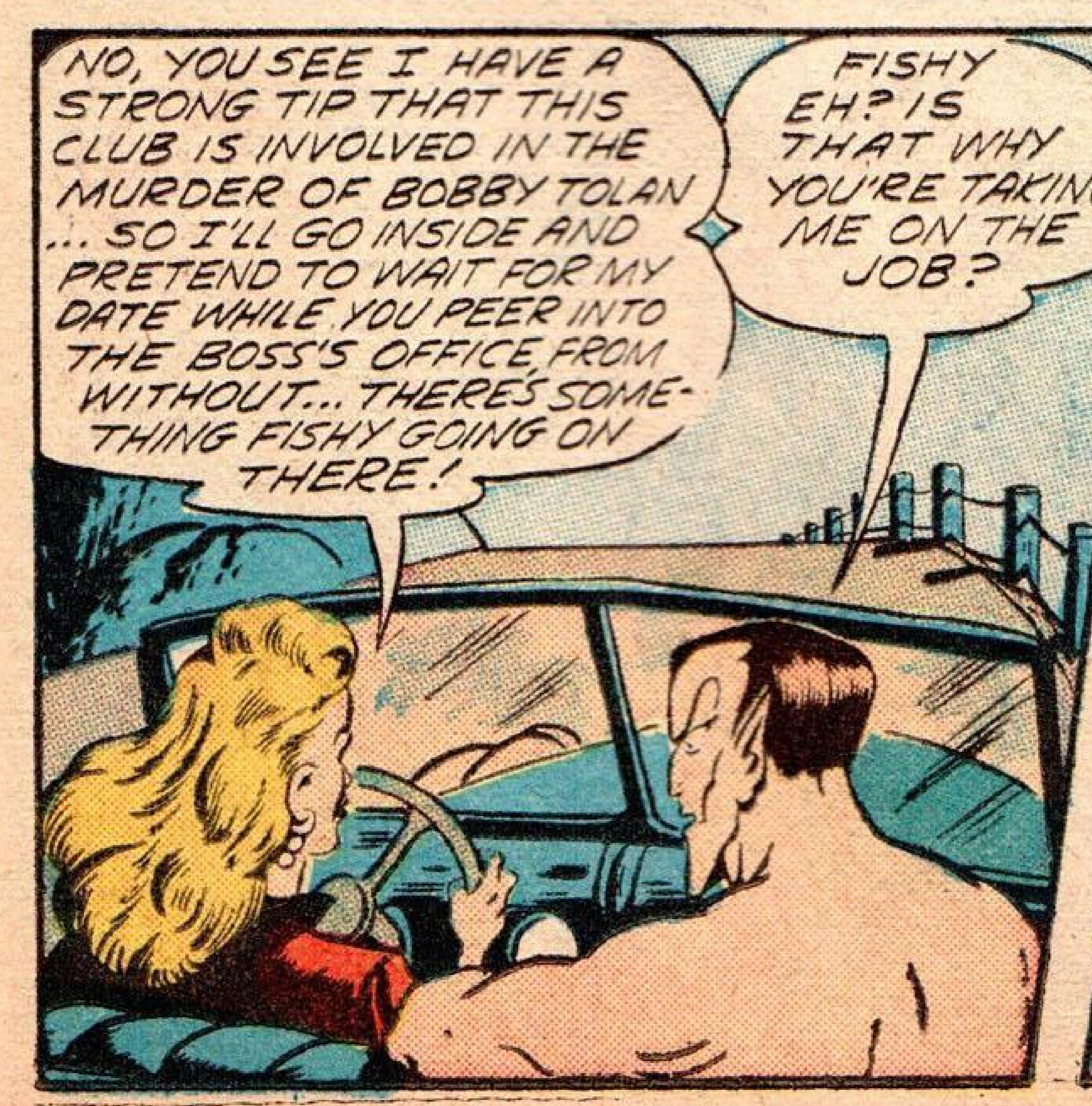

OH, HELLO, PRINCE NAMOR!.. WHAT EVER BRINGS YOU INTO TOWN AND JUST WHEN I NEED YOU MOST!
I ONLY DROPPED ASHORE FOR A LITTLE DIVERSION FROM THE SEA!...

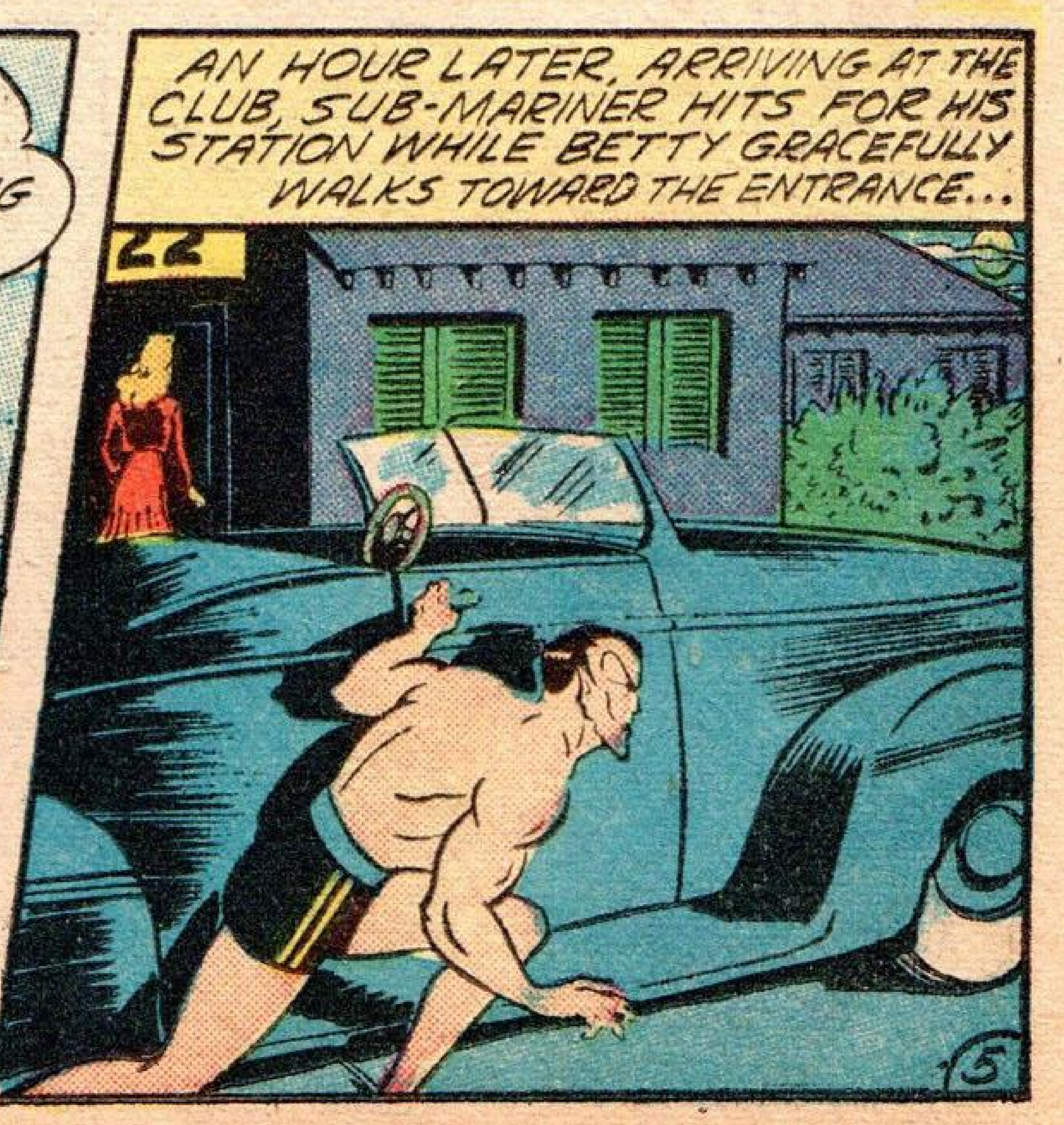

GOOD! GET DRESSED AND I'LL PICK YOU UP AT THE USUAL PLACE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK... WE'RE GOING NIGHT CLUBBING!
CLICK!
B-BUT...


THAT'S A DAME FOR YOU!' HERE IT IS QUARTER OF EIGHT, STORES ALL CLOSED AND SHE WANTS ME DRESSED FOR NIGHTCLUBBING AT EIGHT... I'M A PRETTY GOOD MAN, BUT NOT THAT GOOD!


BETTY IS UNUSUALLY PUNCTUAL ABOUT KEEPING APPOINTMENTS AND CALLS FOR SUB-MARINER ONLY A HALF HOUR LATE.
WHY, PRINCE NAMOR, YOU'RE NOT DRESSED!
NO, MADAM! YOU SEE I DIDN'T HAVE THE TIME...


OH, WELL, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. YOU CAN COME AS YOU ARE!... HOP IN!
AS I AM? ARE YOU NUTS?...


NO, YOU SEE I HAVE A STRONG TIP THAT THIS CLUB IS INVOLVED IN THE MURDER OF BOBBY TOLAN ... SO I'LL GO INSIDE AND PRETEND TO WAIT FOR MY DATE WHILE YOU PEER INTO THE BOSS'S OFFICE FROM WITHOUT... THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON THERE!
FISHY EH? IS THAT WHY YOU'RE TAKING ME ON THE JOB?


AN HOUR LATER, ARRIVING AT THE CLUB, SUB-MARINER HITS FOR HIS STATION WHILE BETTY GRACEFULLY WALKS TOWARD THE ENTRANCE...
22

WILL YOU ORDER NOW, MADAM?
NO, THANKS.. IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL WAIT FOR MY DATE!
HMM?... THAT'S LARRY HOTCHKISS, ANOTHER ELITE, GOING BACK TO THE BOSS'S PRIVATE OFFICE!... HE'S ABOUT TO BE ENGAGED, TOO!... HMM, COMES THE LIGHT... I THINK I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP TO HERE!
PRIVATE
AND BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS OF FINELLI'S PRIVATE OFFICE.....
HERE YOU ARE, MR. HOTCHKISS! AT ONE HALF THE PRICE! VERY RARE AND EXCITINGLY BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS!
HOW MUCH IS THIS BEAUTY THAT WOULD FOREVER KEEP YOUR LOVE'S HEART AFFECTIONATE?
TWENTY GRAND!
SOLD!
WHILE OUTSIDE....
DIAMONDS! EH? WELL, I'LL JUST WAIT AROUND AND SEE WHAT ELSE I CAN FIND OUT!
OH, MR. HOTCHKISS! I'M BETTY DEAN, A REPORTER!... WON'T YOU PLEASE GIVE ME AN INTERVIEW ABOUT YOUR LATEST ROMANCE?
LATEST AND LAST! THIS IS THE REAL THING!
IN A SHORT WHILE...
WILL YOU EXCUSE ME NOW.... THANKS FOR THE CONFAB!
WHY SURE!.. YOU'RE VERY WELCOME! S'LONG!
I SURE HAD TO DO SOME CLEVER PICKPOCKETING TO GET THIS DIAMOND! BUT IT WILL BE MUCH SAFER WITH ME!

IN A FEW MINUTES FINELLI HAS ANOTHER VISITOR
LISTEN, CHIEF! WE WERE GOING ALONG SWELL UNTIL YOU GOT HOGGISH! I DIDN'T PEEP ABOUT YOU STEALING YOUR DIAMONDS BACK, BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE TURNED TO MURDER YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT!
THERE'S NO OUT FOR YOU, SCARCY! YOU KEEP SENDING ME CUSTOMERS AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT OR YOU GET THE SAME AS BOBBY TOLAN... NOW GET!
I'VE SEEN AND HEARD ENOUGH.
HEY, YOU! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO THERE?
SUB-MARINER!! UGHHH!!
WAITING FOR YOU, SWEET HEART!
CRACK!
OOOF!
AND YOUR BOYFRIEND HERE, TOO!
GET 'IM, BOYS! AND NO SHOOTING!
CRACK!
SOCKO
ATTRACTED BY THE SOUNDS NEAR HIS WINDOW, FINELLI SENDS MORE OF HIS HENCHMEN OUT!
WHAM!
BIFF!
BAM!
POW!

SEEING HIS MEN ARE OF NO AVAIL AGAINST THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER FINELLI RESORTS TO USING AN OLD FLAIL.
AHH, THAT DID IT! THOSE ANCIENTS REALLY HAD SOMETHING THERE!
BETTY RUSHES TO THE SCENE...
OKAY, BOYS! BIND AND GAG HIM GOOD AND SOLID, LIKE A MUMMY! I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THE FISH MAN!
SUB-MARINER? OHHH..
YEAH, SUB-MARINER! WHO ARE YOU, HIS GIRL FRIEND?...NO, YOU COULDN'T BE, YOU'RE MUCH TOO NICE!
...ER, NO! I JUST KNOW OF HIM. ...HE CAUGHT ME STEALING JEWELRY ONCE!
WHAT ARE YA TRYING TO PULL BABE? YOU CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK THE TYPE!
NOT THE TYPE? LOOK WHAT I PICKED FROM A BOOB INSIDE..I'M HERE ALONE TO STRIKE A DEAL WITH YOU!
HOTCKISS'S DIAMOND! HA! HA! AND I JUST SOLD IT TO HIM!
HERE'S THE SUB-MARINER MUMMIFIED LIKE YA ORDERED!..WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM NOW, BOSS?

TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE AND RIDDLE HIM WITH A COUPLE SUB-MACHINE GUN LOADS OF LEAD... BE CAREFUL HE DOESN'T GET ANY WATER ON HIM OR HE'LL BURST THOSE BONDS LIKE THEY WERE THREADS!
WHEN FINELLI GETS THEM THEY STAY GET! FIVE OF YA BETTER GO ALONG AND DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH HIM!
OH, MR. FINELLI, LET'S FOLLOW AND SEE HIM DONE FOR, AFTERALL, THIS ISN'T JUST AN ORDINARY PERSON YOU'RE HAVING TAKEN FOR A RIDE!... IT'S **SUB-MARINER**!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SISTER!... MANY HAVE TRIED TO KILL HIM OFF. BUT IT TAKES FINELLI'S TECHNIQUE TO FINISH SUB-MARINER! OKAY, HOP IN!
YES! I HEARD OF YOU!
A FEW MIMUTES LATER AS THEY FOLLOW...
I JUST KNOW YOU AND I ARE GOING TO MAKE A SWELL TEAM!
YOU SAID IT, BEAUTIFUL. AND HOW!... SAY, WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?
BETTY DEAN, ACE REPORTER FOR THE "STAR," SUCKER!
THAT'LL HOLD HIM FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

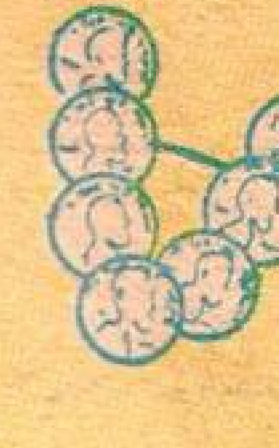
AS THEY PULL INTO A SMALL TOWN A BRILLIANT IDEA STRIKES BETTY...
OH, JOY THIS IS MADE TO ORDER!
UGS
SPEEDING HER CAR SHE CROWDS THE ONE BEARING SUB-MARINER INTO THE CURB...
WHAT TH... IS THE BOSS UP TO?
AND
THANKS, BETTY!
SMASHED THE PUMP... WATER FOR SUB-MARINER
ORGHHH!
OUT OF MY WAY, SKUNKS! I'VE GOT TO SEE THE HEAD MAN!
UGHH!
S

...BUT DURING THIS MELEE, FINELLI COMES TO AND CATCHES BETTY OFF GUARD..
HERE'S A BIT OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING WENCH!
OH, OH, HEADMAN'S IN A HURRY AND IS KIDNAPPING BETTY!
WINGS, GET TO CARRYING THESE FEET!
BUT THE CROSS-COUNTRY CYCLONE CUTS IN BETWEEN THEM...
WHAT LUCK!
R.R. CROSSING R.R.
I NOTICED THE HI-WAY RUNS WITH THE RAILROAD ON THE OTHER SIDE...
WELL, THEY DON'T GET NICK FINELLI! NO SIR! TOO SMART FOR THEM!... THIS CAR'S LOADED WITH A FEW HUNDRED GRAND!!... WHAT A GET AWAY!!!... I'LL DUMP THIS BABE IN A FEW MINUTES AND THEN HIT FOR THE BORDER!

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH AHEAD! NOW TO WAIT FOR HIM TO PASS!
BUT FINELLI SEES PRINCE NAMOR ATOP THE TRAIN AND...
AHH, WISE GUY. WELL, THIS GAT'S NEVER FAILED ME!
AHH, SUB-MARINER! I SPOTTED YOU ON TOP OF THE TRAIN A MILE BACK! THIS'LL GET YA!
ZING!!
MISSED! YOU CROOKS CAN'T...
EVEN SHOOT STRAIGHT!
A LITTLE LATER
OH, THAT WATER FELT NICE!.. WHY, PRINCE NAMOR!...AT LAST YOU HAVE ME IN YOUR ARMS!
CUT IT, BETTY! BE CAREFUL WITH THAT MUG, SHERIFF!
I'VE GOT HIM GOOD!.. HANDCUFFED AND HOBBLED!...HE'S ALL SET TO GET A SUIT WITH ONLY THE HORIZONTAL STRIPES!
S'LONG! BE SEEING YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DARING COMICS!

CHRISTMAS CREATIONS

by You



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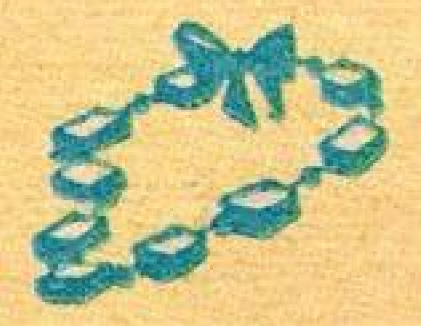
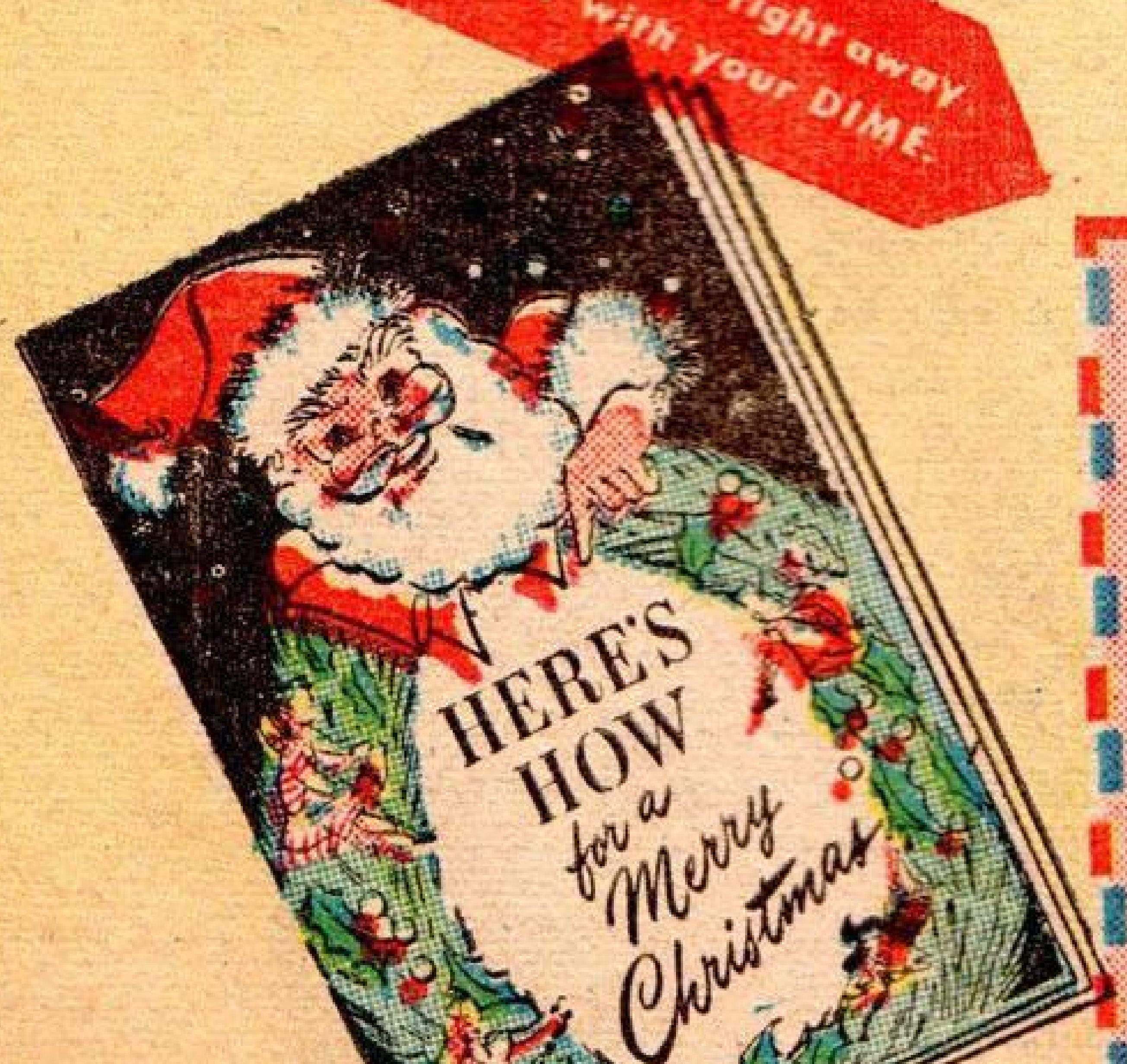


Clip the attached coupon right away and mail together with your DIME.



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MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
Dept. B-K, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

ONE GOOD TURN

IT HAD been a long road back but Tim had finally arrived at its end. The old neighborhood seemed the same . . . Well, almost. There were new factories, a new railroad siding . . .

Internally, the "section" was just about the same. Lefty Martin was the "brains" back of the gang now, and as Tim remembered it Lefty had always had big ideas, had always tried to promote himself to bigger and better things. The draft had picked up Squint Connelly . . . Lefty had promoted himself, whether anyone else liked it or not. Lefty was the big shot now.

Not that Tim thought it would make much difference, although sometimes, lying on the old cot in the room he'd occupied since being discharged, Tim thought about that a good deal. For a while he'd done little. During his stretch abroad, Tim had acquired an unknownness that suited him. He'd stepped out of a way of life. Now after his return, he wasn't sure just what he wanted to do. There were ways of making a living. Some suited him. Some didn't. There were easy ways, dangerous perhaps, but much better than having an everyday boss standing over him. Lefty Martin wasn't the worst guy in the world. And yet Tim had hesitated. There was something inside him he couldn't understand; new and puzzling and perhaps . . . frightening.

* * * * *

NOW Tim let the cool night rain wash his face. It felt good. He stood in the darkness of the doorway near the corner. This could be the turning point of his life, he knew. Tonight . . .

He'd talked to Lefty Martin just this afternoon. About the job.

"Nothing to it," Lefty had informed Tim. "You don't even tote a rod. I'll take care of that angle. And you can use the dough."

Tim hadn't been so sure of even that. He still had his mustering out pay, plus what he'd saved. And he hadn't had anyone to worry about, hadn't had to make any contribution to anyone. And the bonds . . .

"Don't figure on cutting me in on anything steady," Tim had warned. "I'm not so sure yet——"

Lefty Martin had laughed arrogantly. "You ever hear the one about the leopard changing its spots?"

"I just said don't figure on me steady. That's all," answered Tim.

But he was here at the corner just the same. And down near the center of the block was the store, and inside it was the cash Lefty Martin and his small band were going after. And thinking about that, Tim wondered whether he ought to go on. Or perhaps it would be best to turn his back, walk away, forget it. Would it?

Tim stepped out of the doorway, moved down the street. It was empty, deserted, although he could hear the growl of traffic from the siding and the factories.

Down the street Tim saw the store. It was across from him and he slid into an alley and stood motionless a moment, blue eyes swiftly taking in the windows of the buildings. The pavement glistened under the sheen of the rain.

* * * * *

IT WAS wet in the alley. A little gust of sudden wind carried the rain into Tim's face and he turned his back toward it. Which did no good at all. He couldn't see this way. He turned back, pulling the collar of his jacket closer about his face. He could see nothing but the blank walls of the buildings, the wet streets. The rain came in on another gust . . .

Cautiously Tim stepped out of the alley. His swift glance assured him the streets were still empty, and a second later he darted swiftly across the thoroughfare and slid into an alley running along beside the store, in which Lefty Martin and his crowd were working. Lefty had put Tim on guard. Lefty didn't give a hoot about the weather. And when it came time to split, Lefty would be likely to pinch Tim's . . .

The window opened soundlessly under Tim's finger pressure, and a moment later he'd slid through into the still warmth beyond. For a second he stood pressed against the wall. Then a chink of sound came to him from the rear of the store, and he was moving toward it.

The door opened into a back room, and in the dimmed light Tim saw Lefty and Pat and Cray. Lefty was standing above them, while the other two knelt on the floor before the old safe . . .

Lefty Martin faced about and in the dimmed light Tim saw the black anger cross his face.

"Thought I told you to stay across the street," Lefty snarled, his muscle-less face yellow and flabby. "You're forgetting—"

"It's raining," Tim interrupted quietly. "Save the talk. Let's get this over with."

"Anyone can walk in on us," Lefty warned, his voice hardening dangerously. "Besides, I'm running this show. What I say goes!"

* * * * *

TIM stood motionless. There was little light but gradually his eyes became accustomed to the shadows, and fell upon something over near the side of the room, half hidden by an old metal filing cabinet. Slowly Tim moved forward, feeling the tension about him as a potential force, pressing against him.

The man lay on the floor on his face, which was twisted to the side. It was dark but not dark enough to hide the tell-tale marks upon his head and shoulders. The blood. He wasn't young either. Tim's breath caught a little. He was an elderly man . . .

Tim's mind dipped back into the past, came out with a picture of a village they had stormed into on the other side. It's buildings had been shambles. There had been no one but a few old women and men, children, scrawny dogs . . .

"Old men and women," Tim heard himself saying aloud. "Too old to fight back . . ."

He turned slowly, facing Lefty Martin. Pat and Cray were scrootched on the floor, watching the little drama unfolding before them.

Lefty rasped, "You're loco. What's this got to do with old men and women?"

Tim murmured evenly, "This sort of thing happened over there. But there's no reason for it here. This is different. It's guys like you—"

Lefty's hand moved and automatically Tim hurled himself across the narrow space separating them. He smashed at the expressionless face. A gun roared almost in his eyes and he felt the crush of lead into his body, spinning him back across the room. The light was gone. The blackness seemed to be pressing down against him as he struck the wall, slid to his knees . . .

* * * * *

DOGGEDLY Tim forced his legs to support him. It was black now. He could remember, through a curtain of pain and darkness, the swift pad of racing feet, the sound of a window . . .

Tim found a light, snapped it on briefly. Lefty was stretched out on the floor. He'd struck a corner of the safe going down. He'd stay put a while . . .

His gun lay near-by and Tim scooped it up, and moved forward. A door showed before him. Beyond it might be anything. It would probably lead into another room, which in turn might open upon the alley . . .

From the window Tim could see into the alley. And as he peered out he was in time to see Pat and Cray slip past. Evidently they were cutting through the block, and out the other side, rather than risk going into the street. That single shot might have awakened the neighborhood . . .

The window slid up and Tim dropped through to the walk. The men before him whirled.

"Hold it!" Tim ordered sharply. "Lefty wouldn't like you to run out on him!"

Tim heard Cray snarl something. A second later a gun smashed before him. Tim fired back. Once . . . twice . . . three times . . .

* * * * *

IT WAS still in the alley now and as Tim moved forward he could see Pat and Cray lying there. Slowly Tim turned. He felt dizzy—

Somewhere in the street a car door closed softly. That would be the police probably . . .

Tim felt his head spinning. Loss of blood, of course. He'd been too excited to think about that. He leaned against the side of the building, feeling his knees shaking . ..

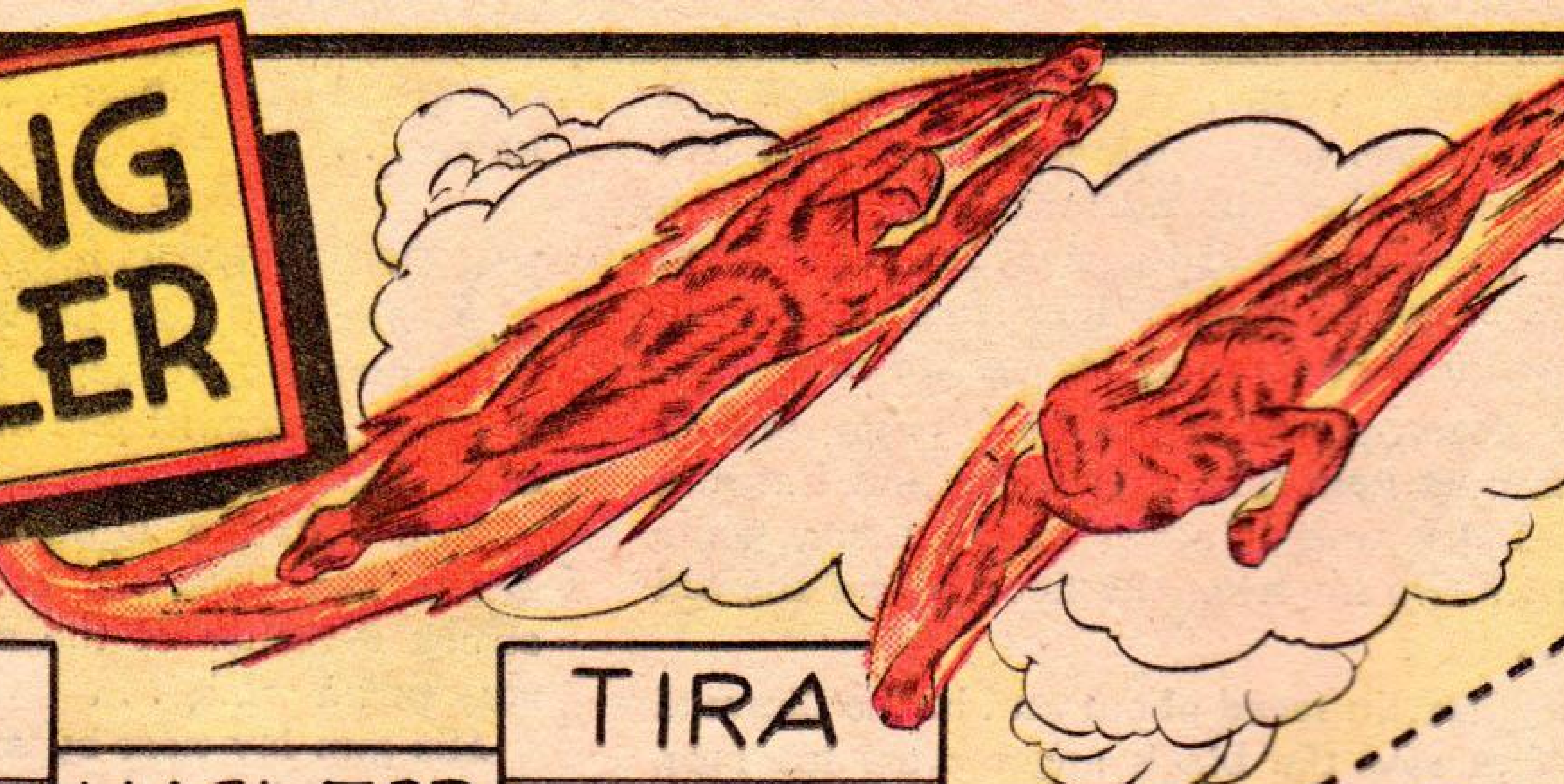
A light fell upon him, probed beyond. A heavy voice said something. It was beside him then and he heard an ambulance mentioned, and then the voice was fading, as blackness closed down about him.

But he knew what it all meant. Knew the cops were here and that he'd go to a hospital. That slub had clipped him pretty hard. But he'd be okay in a few weeks.

And out of the cold pain and uncertainty within him, came the slow crystallization of a last thought. Tonight had been the turning point of his life. He had negotiated that turn and was headed in the right direction.

THE END

DARING PUZZLER

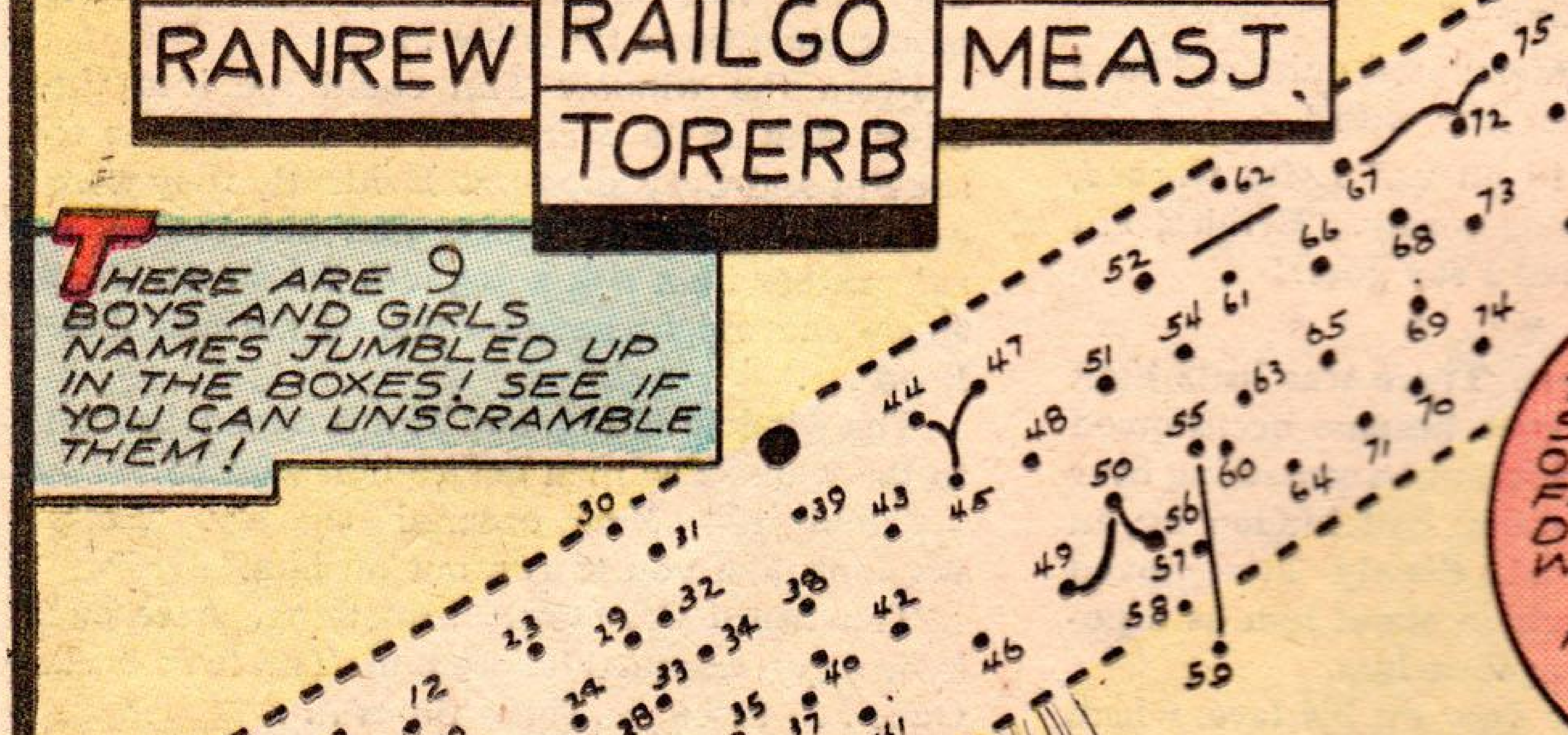


SORID
EARIM
RANREW

HASLECR
RAILGO
TORERB

TIRA
CANYN
MEASJ

THERE ARE 9 BOYS AND GIRLS NAMES JUMBLED UP IN THE BOXES! SEE IF YOU CAN UNSCRAMBLE THEM!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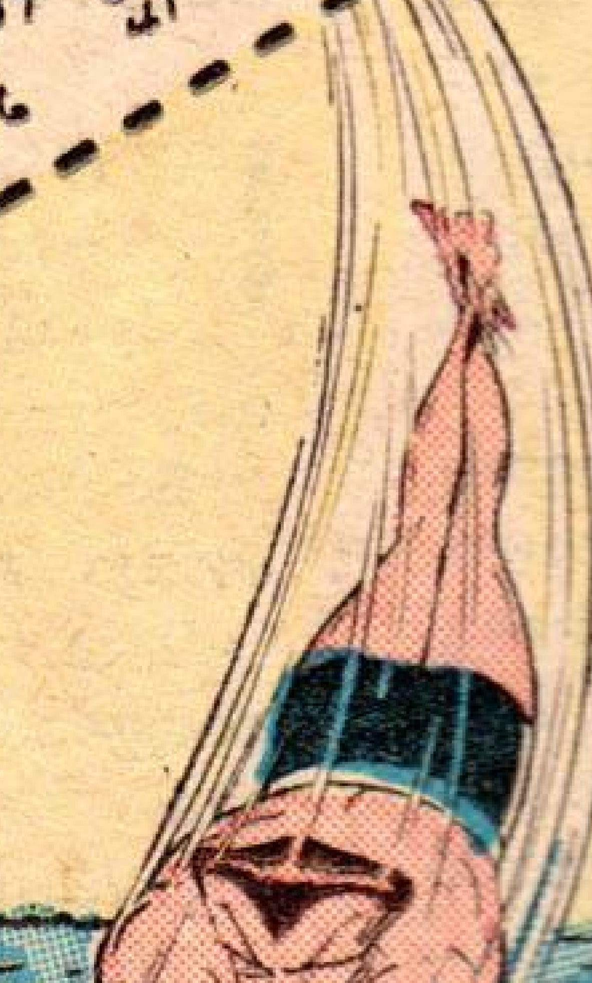
WOW! 79 DOTS! TAKE A PENCIL STARTING AT ONE, THEN GO FROM DOT TO DOT AND YOU WILL GET ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES!



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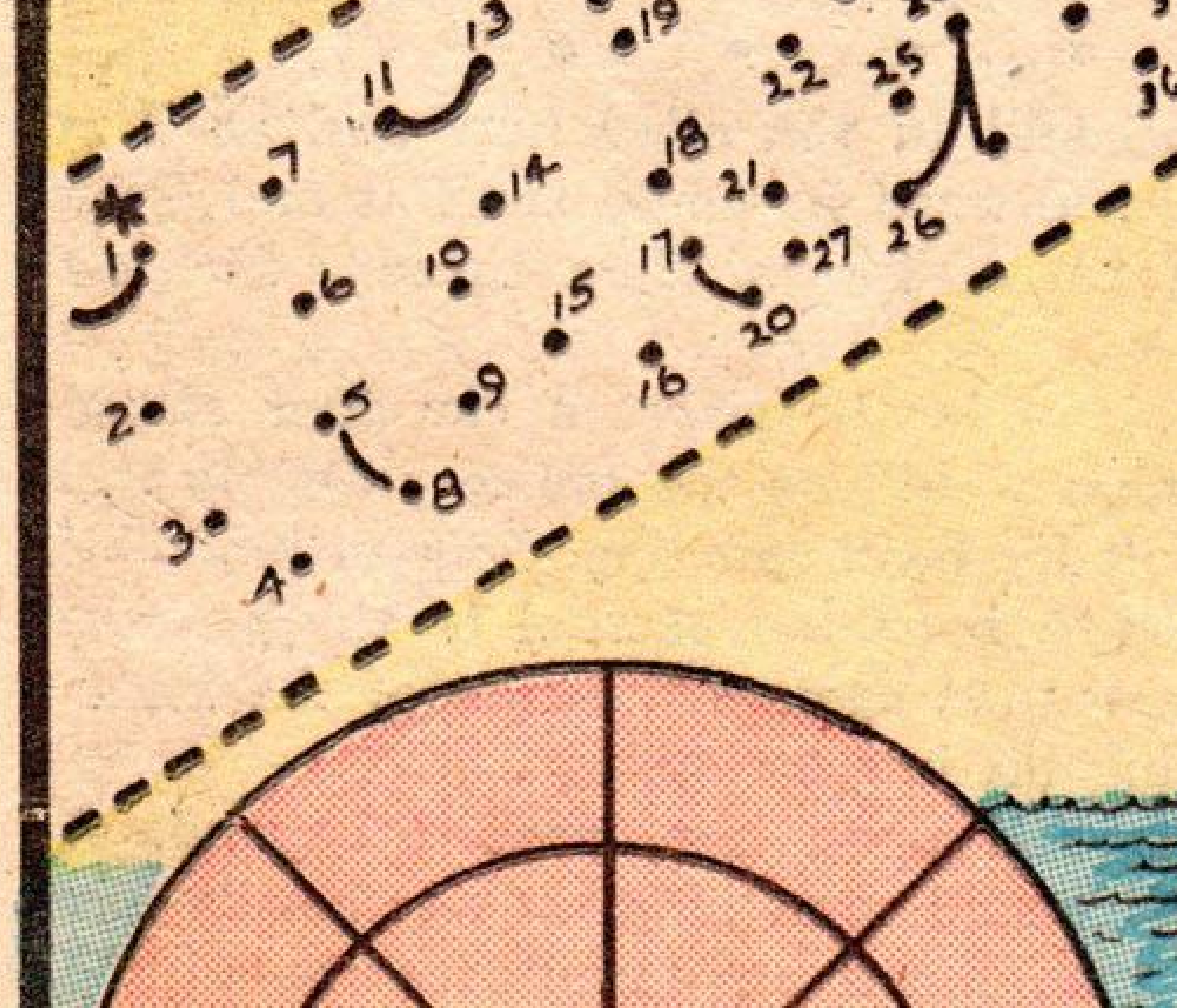
CAN YOU FILL IN THE EMPTY SQUARES TO COMPLETE THE WORDS THAT ARE ALREADY STARTED WITH LETTERS?



USING THE LETTER T IN THE CENTER AS THE LAST LETTER, SEE IF YOU CAN FORM EIGHT THREE LETTER WORDS!

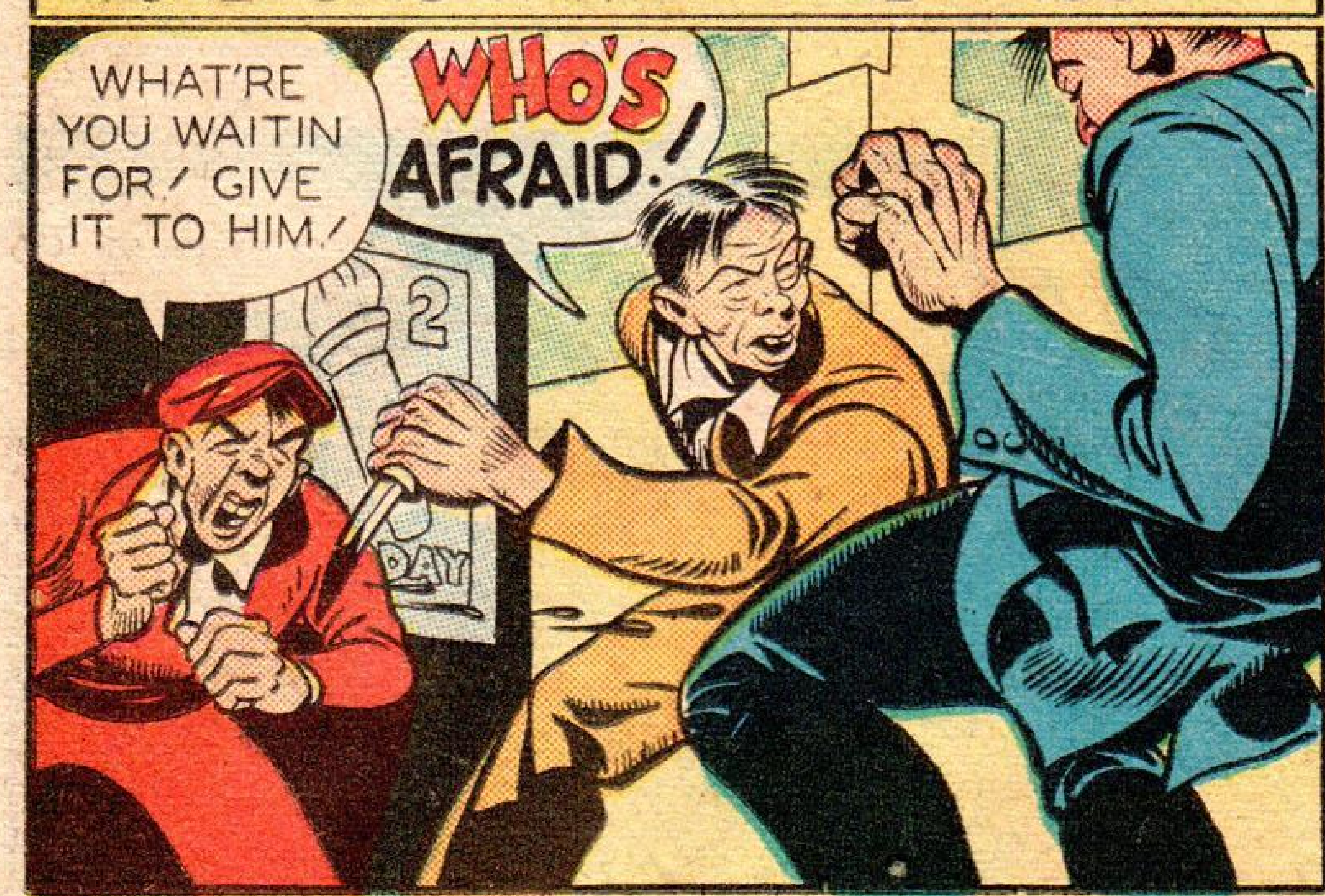
THE HUMAN TORCH
TERROR ENGULFS MID-TOWN AS A GAMBLING KING, FACED WITH POLICE CRACKDOWN ON HIS VICIOUS GAMES, UNLEASHES A WAVE OF JUVENILE CRIME TO DETOUR THE SPOTLIGHT OF PUBLIC OPINION! BUT THE HUMAN TORCH AND HIS PAL, TORO, REFUSE TO DETOUR, AND, LIKE TWO FLAMING SWORDS, STRIKE AT THE HEART OF THE TROUBLE IN THIS ACTION-PACKED THRILLER OF
R-109

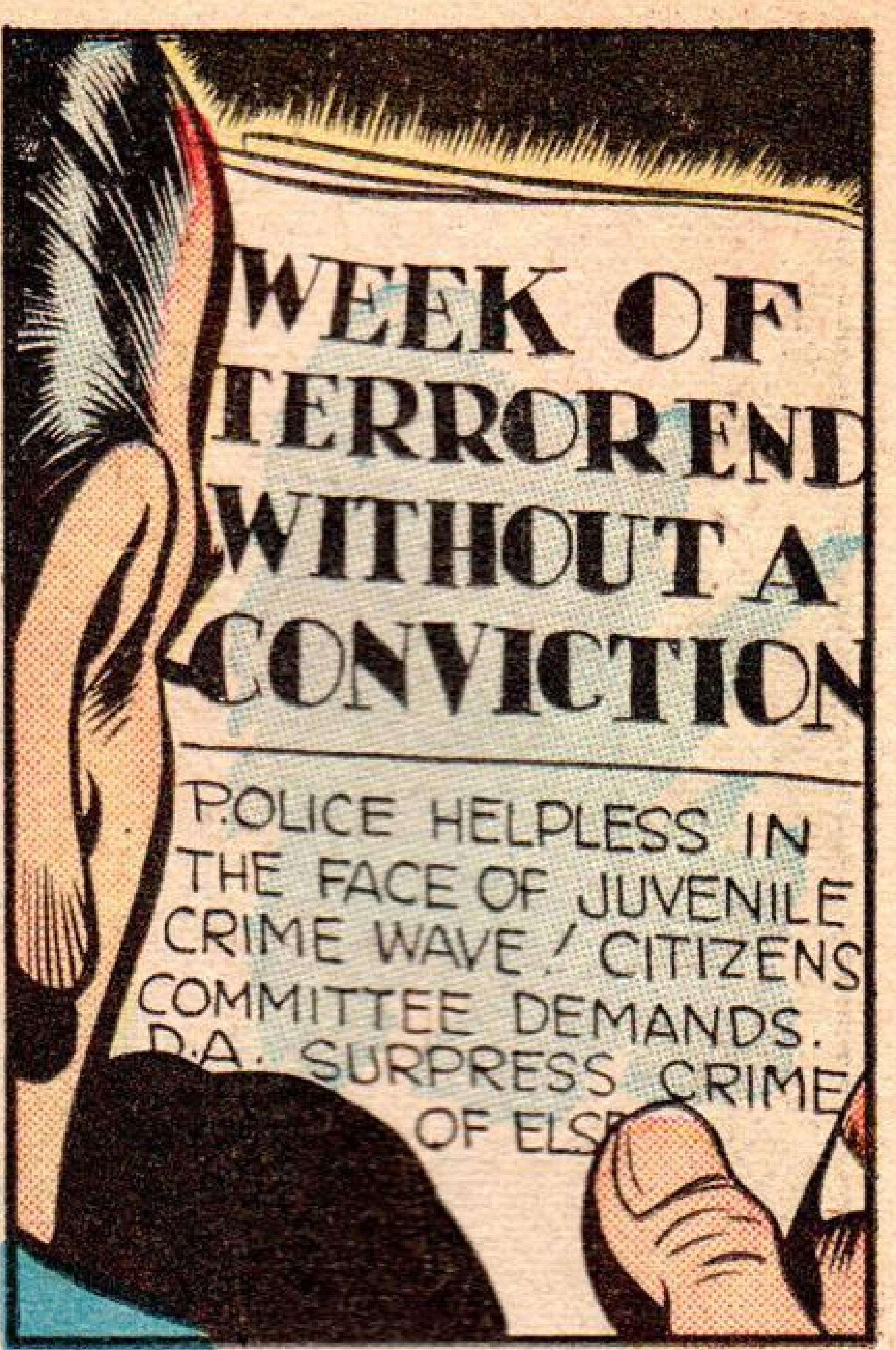
The DEVIL'S MURDER WEB!

POLICE RAID A GAMBLING HOUSE IN A SWANKY, MID-TOWN APARTMENT!
ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE!! THIS IS A RAID! STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE! MY MEN HAVE THE PLACE SURROUNDED! NO ONE CAN ESCAPE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, COPPER! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA HERE AND I MEAN NOW!
WHILE THE POLICE ROUND UP THE OTHER OCCUPANTS, LUKE CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE!
I'LL TAKE THE SERVICE ELEVATOR DOWN! WAIT'LL LUCKY HEARS OF THIS! HE'LL HIT THE CEILING!
MINUTES LATER, HE MAKES A REPORT OF THE RAID TO LUCKY BENSON, GAMBLING KING OF MID-TOWN!
I TELL YOU, THESE RAIDS HAVE GOT TO STOP, LUKE! THIS IS THE THIRD JOINT I'VE LOST THIS MONTH! WHY, THEY'LL DRIVE ME OUT OF BUSINESS!
YEAH, BUT HOW? THAT NEW D.A. IS OUT TO CRACK THE TOWN WIDE OPEN!
THAT'S SO--YEAH! BUT SUPPOSE WE GAVE 'EM SOMETHING TO KEEP 'EM BUSY--THEY'D LEAVE US ALONE THEN! THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TALK ABOUT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY! IF WE SHOWED 'EM WHAT THE PHRASE REALLY MEANS---
WHAT'RE YOU GETTIN' AT, LUCKY?
THERE'S A LOTTA KIDS RUNNING THE STREETS! THEIR PARENTS ARE WORKING IN DEFENSE PLANTS AND THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEMSELVES! SUPPOSE WE SHOW THEM WHAT TO DO, EH, LUKE? HUNDREDS OF EM! WHAT THEN?
2

WHEW! YOU HIT IT! DIVIDE 'EM INTO GANGS AND SEND 'EM OUT TO RAISE CAIN! THEY'D HAVE THE COPS RUNNIN' RAGGED!
AND I'M JUST THE GUY WHO KNOWS HOW TO ORGANIZE 'EM! THOSE COPS MADE THEIR LAST RAID FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!
LUCKY'S HUNCH PAYS OFF, AS MID-TOWN IS ENGULFED BY A WAVE OF JUVENILE TERROR!
MOIDER DA WOIM! LEMME AT 'IM!
SHADDUP, YOU DIRTY FOREIGNER.... HERE COMES THE COPS!
PLEASE, BOYS, PLEASE! YOU'LL RUIN ME! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING--
AND SO IT GOES THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE CITY! A PLAYGROUND IS NEXT!
NOW AIN'T DAT SWEET! DA LITTLE BOYS AND GOILS PLAYIN' SO NICE! BREAK IT UP, GANG!
BEAT THEIR EARS DOWN!
ONE GIRL STANDS HER GROUND, BUT LUCKY'S LIEUTENANT--
YOU COWARDS! YOU CONTEMPTIBLE BULLIES! YOU CAN'T SCARE ME---
SHADDUP! I'M RUNNIN' THIS SHOW!
3

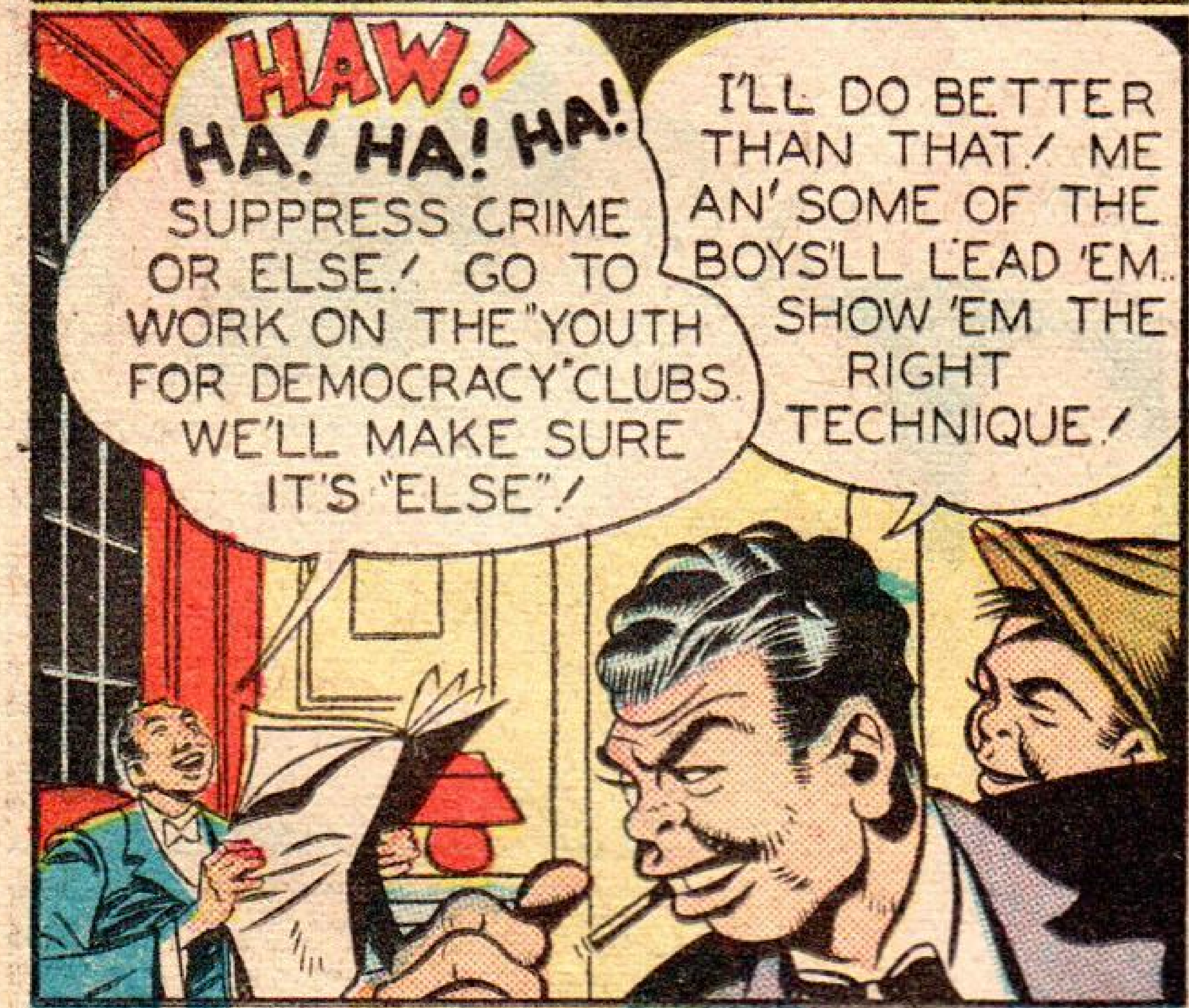
TERROR SPREADS AS LUCKY'S LIEUTENANTS TAKE AN EVER-INCREASING PART IN THE RAIDS!


WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN FOR! GIVE IT TO HIM!
WHO'S AFRAID!
2
DAY

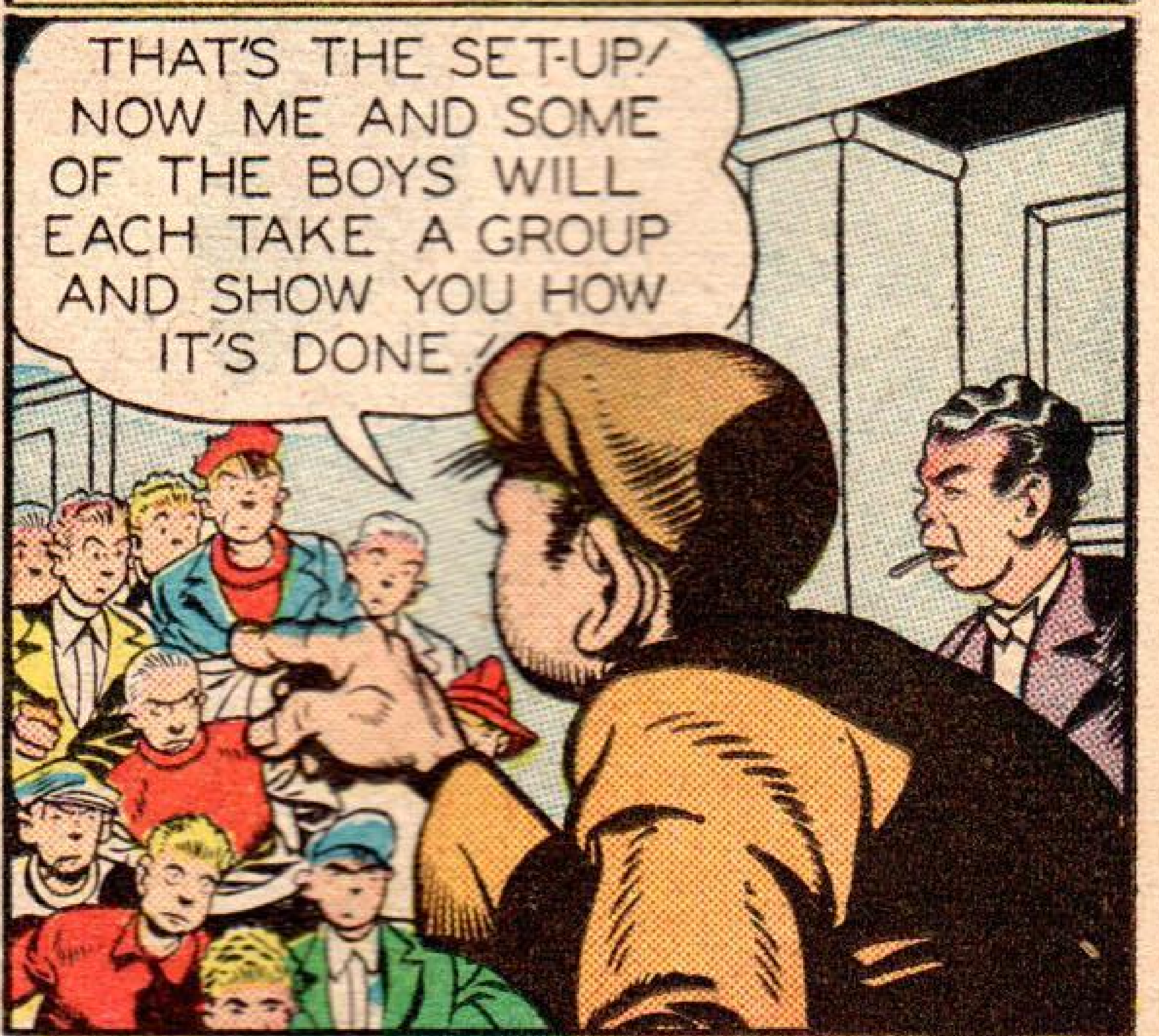

WEEK OF TERROR END WITHOUT A CONVICTION

POLICE HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF JUVENILE CRIME WAVE! CITIZENS COMMITTEE DEMANDS. D.A. SURPRESS CRIME OF ELS

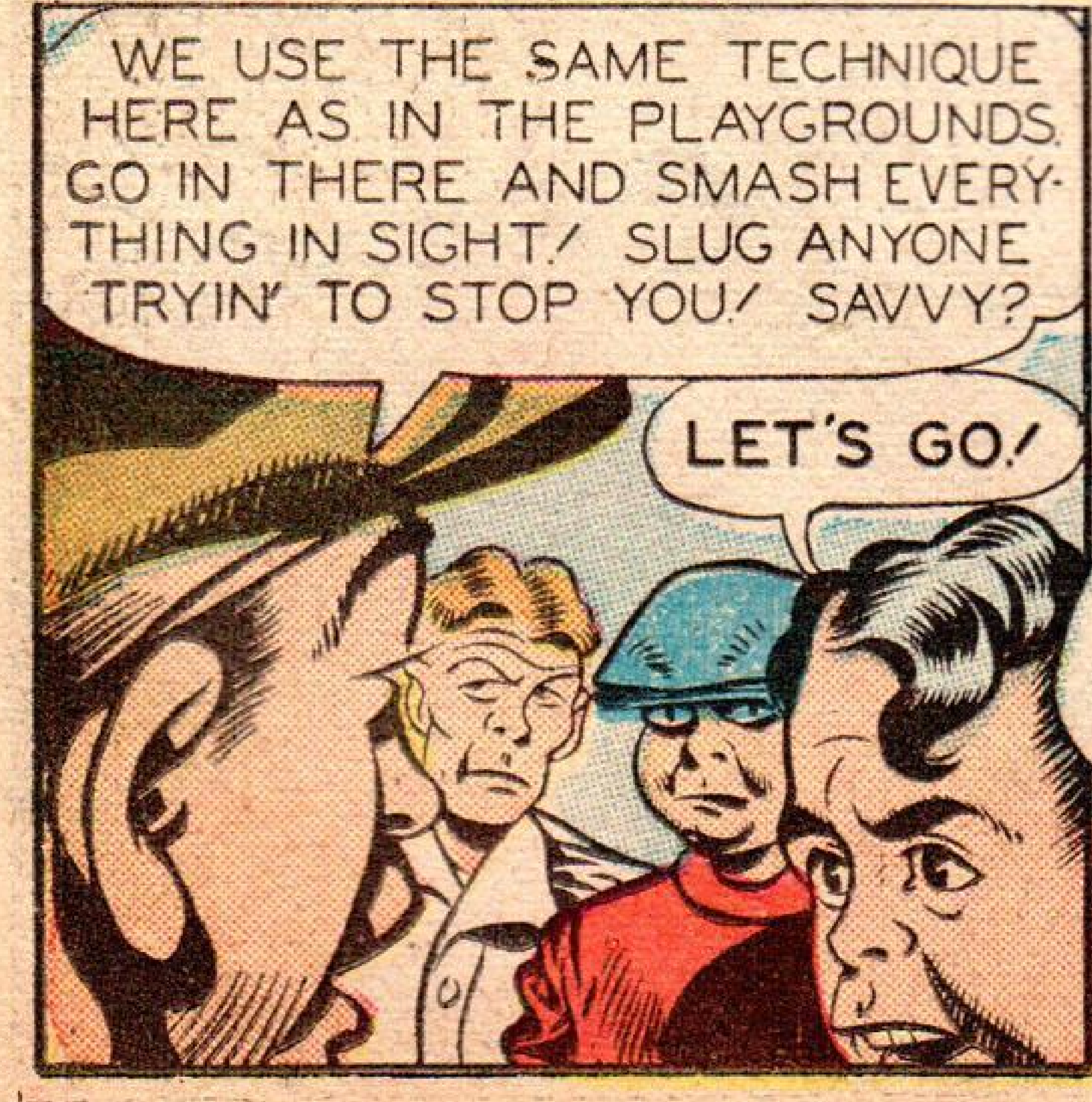
AT LUCKY BENSON'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT!


HAW! HA! HA! HA! SUPPRESS CRIME OR ELSE! GO TO WORK ON THE "YOUTH FOR DEMOCRACY" CLUBS. WE'LL MAKE SURE IT'S "ELSE"!
I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT! ME AN' SOME OF THE BOYS'LL LEAD 'EM.. SHOW 'EM THE RIGHT TECHNIQUE!

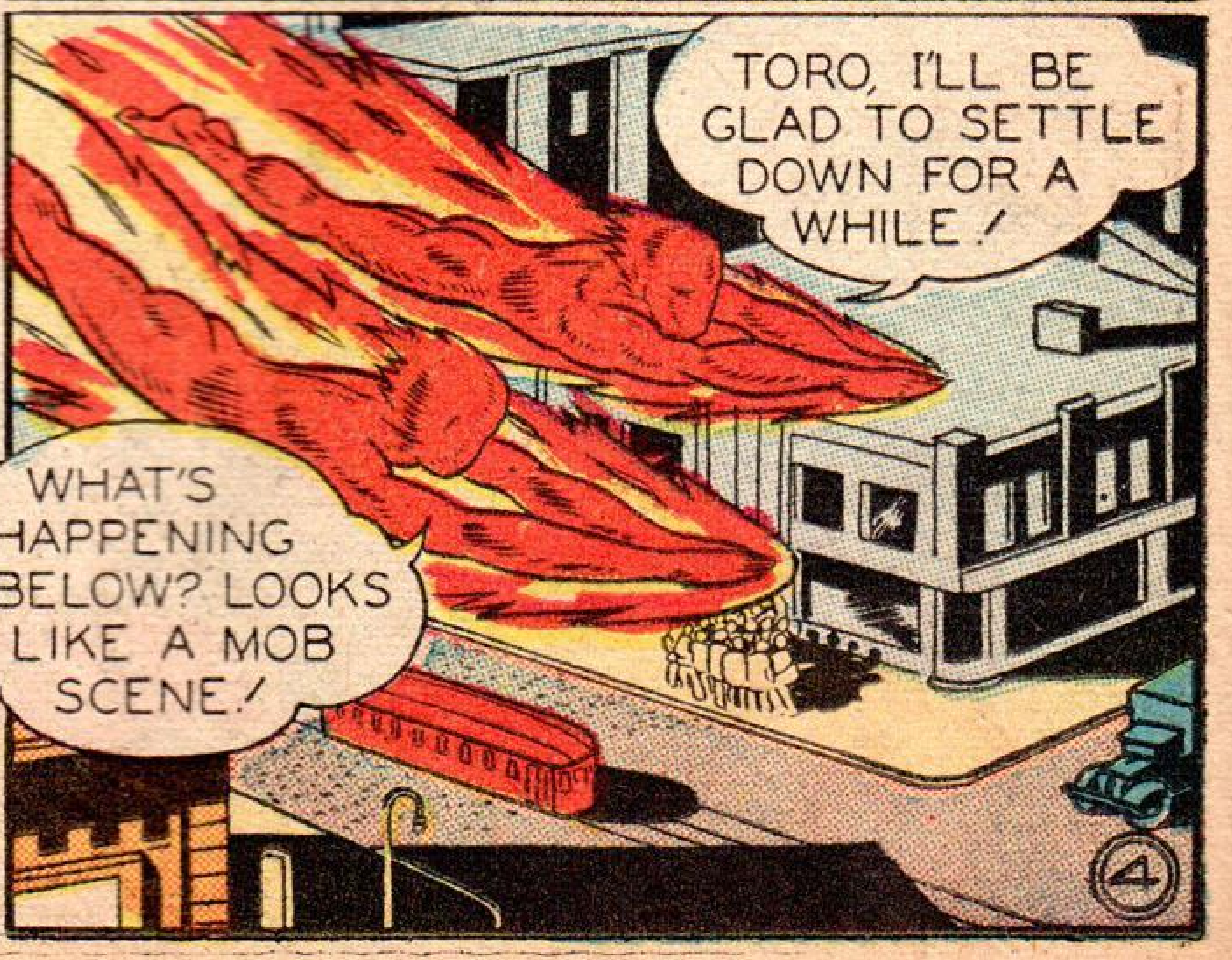
MINUTES LATER IN THE GANG'S CLUBHOUSE PETE ISSUES LUCKY'S ORDER!


THAT'S THE SET-UP! NOW ME AND SOME OF THE BOYS WILL EACH TAKE A GROUP AND SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE!

AS PETE AND HIS GANG OF HOODLUMS PREPARE FOR ATTACK!


WE USE THE SAME TECHNIQUE HERE AS IN THE PLAYGROUNDS. GO IN THERE AND SMASH EVERYTHING IN SIGHT! SLUG ANYONE TRYIN' TO STOP YOU! SAVVY?
LET'S GO!

WHILE ABOVE THEM, TORCH AND TORO FLAME, HOMEWARD BOUND!

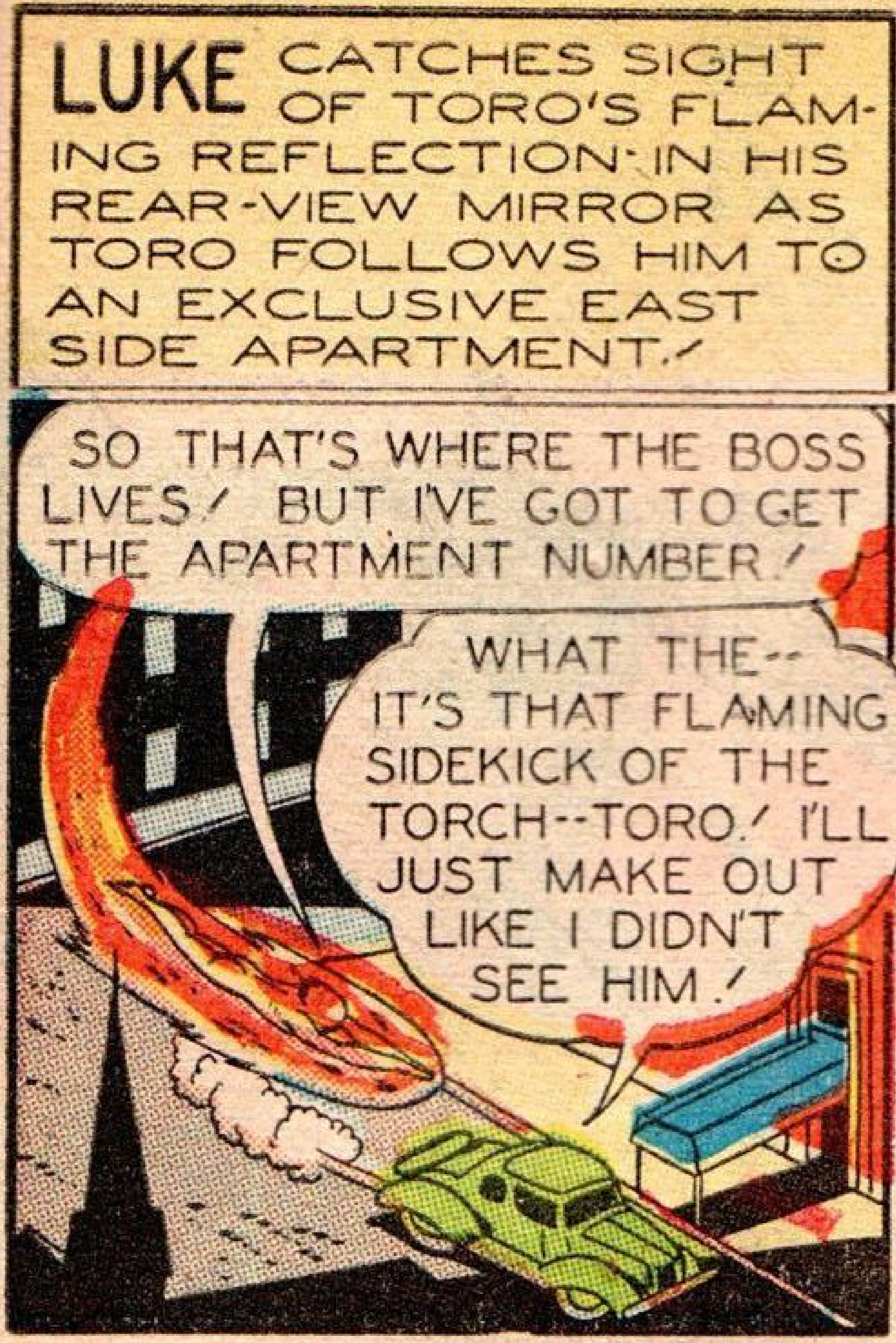

TORO, I'LL BE GLAD TO SETTLE DOWN FOR A WHILE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING BELOW? LOOKS LIKE A MOB SCENE!

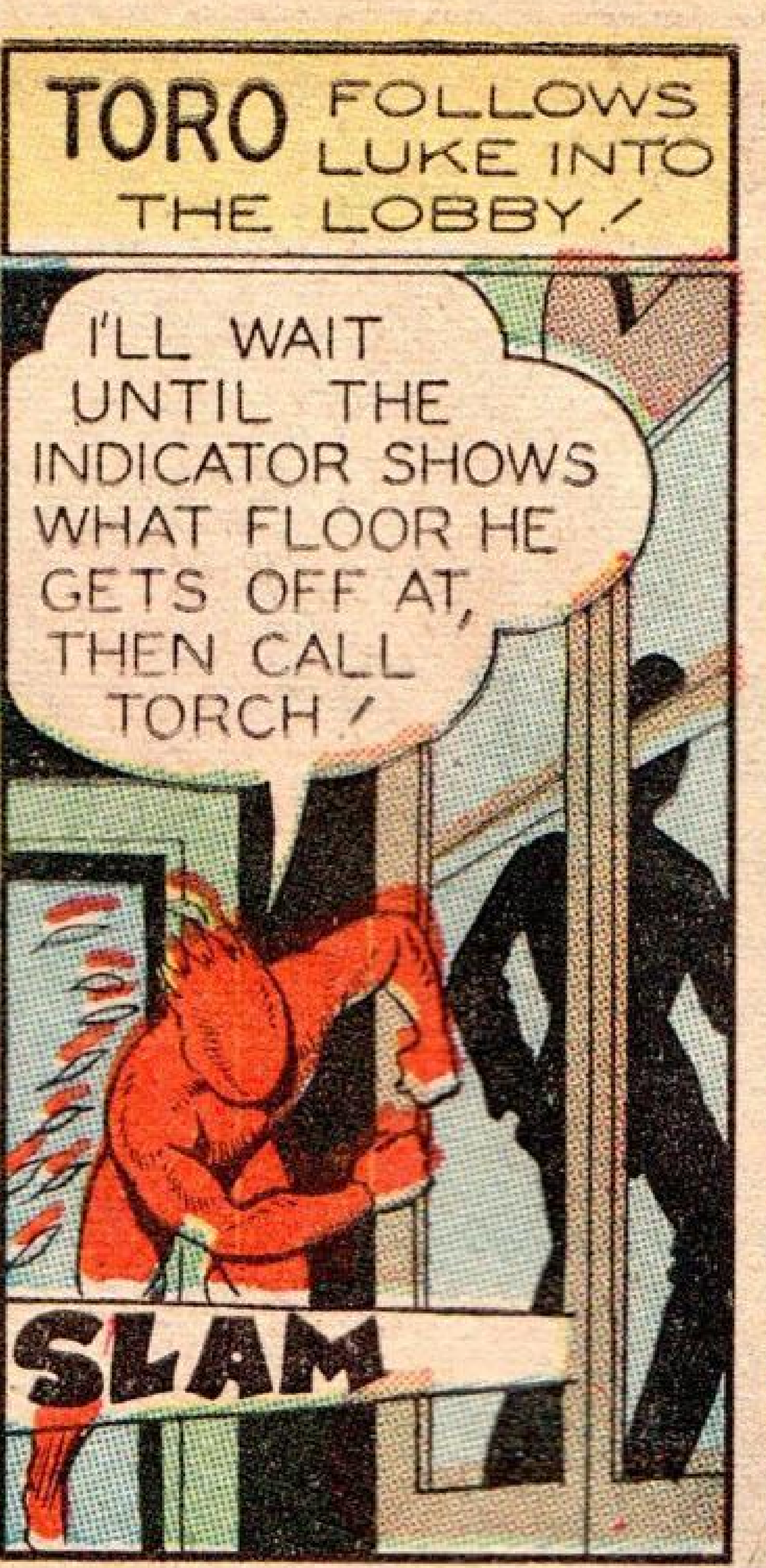
HERE WE GO AGAIN! IT SEEMS THAT TROUBLE JUST WON'T LET US ALONE!
IT IS! COME ON! WE'LL BUST THE PARTY UP!
AND IN THE CLUB!
GETTIN' FRESH HUH? WELL, MAYBE THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
YOU YOUNG HOODLUMS! STOP THIS! LET GO OF ME!
HEY, PETE, LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' IN!
SCRAM, KID! IT'S THE TORCH!
BLOCK THE FRONT DOOR, TORO!
⑤
DON'T WORRY! THIS IS ONE BABY THAT'S GOING TO PAY FOR HIS SINS!
SWISH

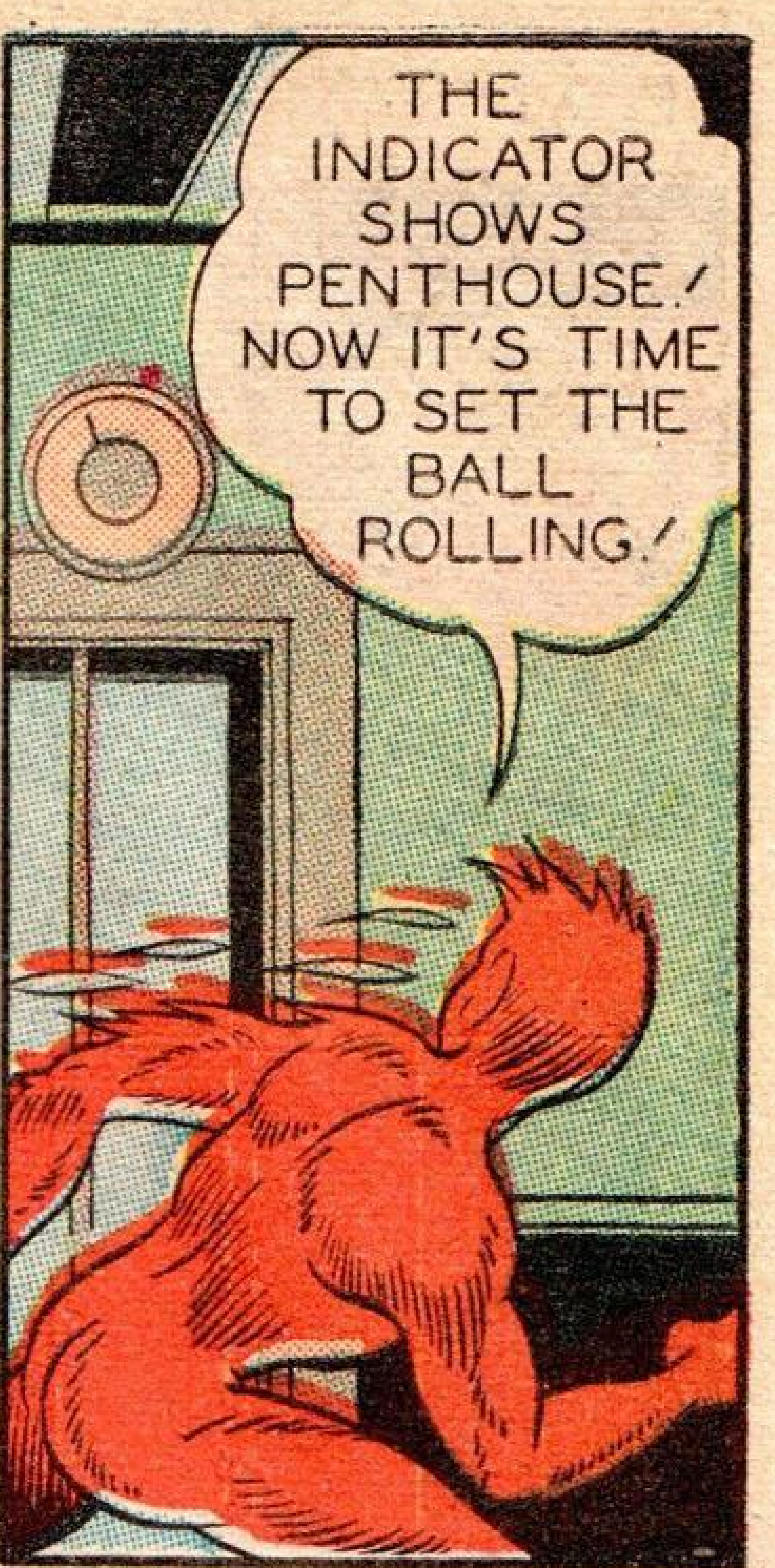
AND THEN
NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
A HIGHER JUDGE SETTLES PETE'S FATE! UNABLE TO STOP BEFORE THE CLOSED DOOR
POOR KID! TOO BAD! NOW TO HELP TORCH WITH THESE HOODLUMS!
SOBERED BY THE DEATH OF THEIR LEADER, THE HOODLUMS ARE QUICKLY OVERCOME!
WHY, TORCH! MOST OF THEM ARE JUST KIDS!
BUT VICIOUS ONES! AND THEY DESERVE JUST WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO GET--THE REFORM SCHOOL! THAT WILL PUT AN END TO THESE RAIDS!
IT WON'T, TORCH! THESE CHILDREN ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY!
JUST A MINUTE, SANDRA! CAN YOU BOYS KEEP THESE COWBOYS QUIET UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE?
CAN WE! IF THEY TRY TO ESCAPE, WE'LL GIVE THEM SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!
TORCH & TORO FLAME OFF AND ESCORT SANDRA TO THE CLUB OFFICE!
YES, THE 86TH STREET BRANCH OF THE "YOUTH FOR DEMOCRACY" CLUB! RIGHT! SEND THE COPS RIGHT AWAY!
GOOD! NOW WHAT WAS IT YOU STARTED TELLING ME OUT THERE?

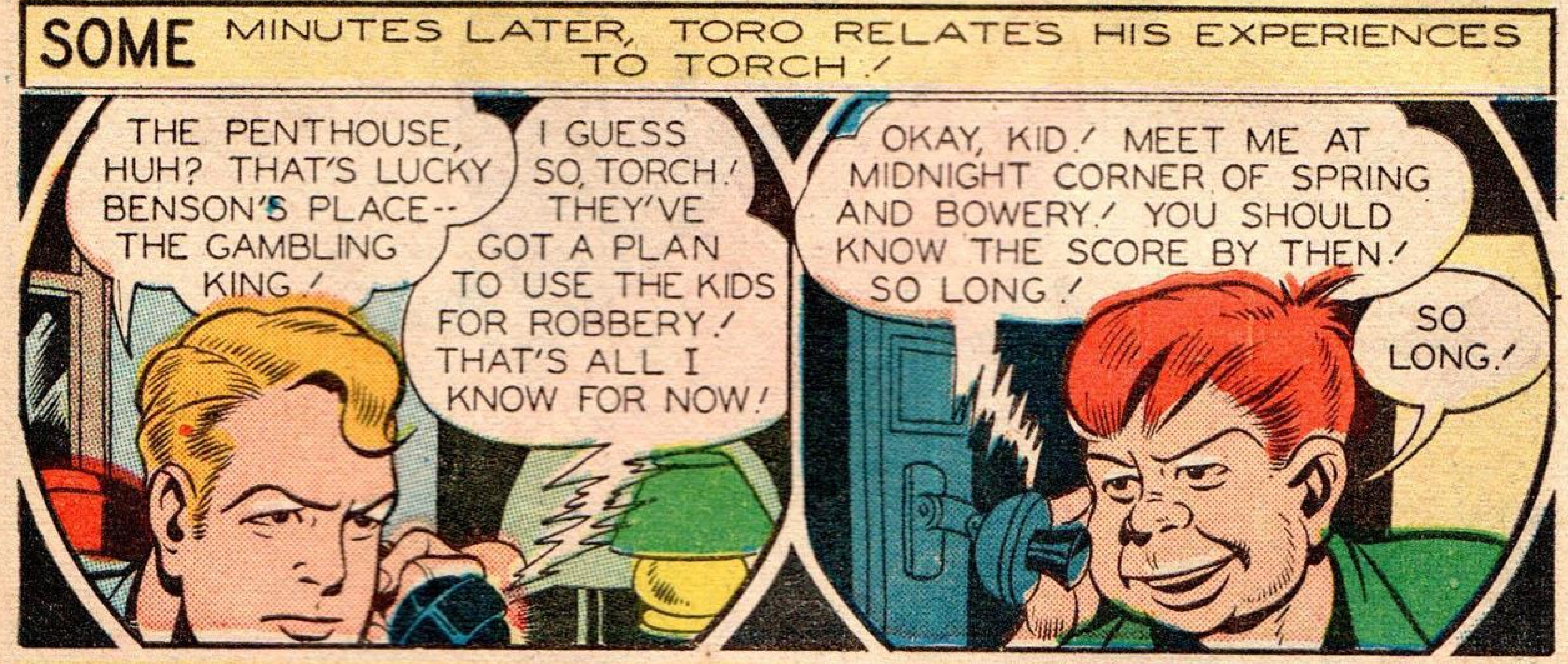
THAT THESE KIDS ARE ONLY A FEW! THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM TORCH! THEY'RE WELL ORGANIZED AND HAVE NOT ONLY BRAINS BUT PLENTY OF MONEY BEHIND THEM! WHEN THEY'RE CAUGHT, THE KIDS REFUSE TO TALK!
SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE! IF SOMEONE COULD WORM HIS WAY INTO THE ORGANIZATION AND UNCOVER THE TOP MAN WE COULD SMASH THEM UP!
WELL, STOP WORRYING! YOU'VE GOT SOMEONE! WHAT'S MATTER WITH ME?
THAT'S AN IDEA! I BELIEVE YOU COULD SWING IT, TOO! BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GAIN THEIR CONFIDENCE?
I'VE GOT ALL THAT FIGURED OUT! THOSE KIDS IN THERE DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT ME! NOW LOOK!....
SOMETIME LATER WHEN THE HOODLUMS HAVE BEEN SAFELY LODGED IN THE JUVENILE DETENTION HOUSE!
GOOD LUCK, TORO! WHEN THINGS BEGIN TO POP, YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ME!
RIGHT, TORCH! I'LL CONTACT YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! SOME DISGUISE, EH?
COME ON, KID! LET'S GO!
YOU FRESH BRAT! THIS'LL TAKE THE TOUGHNESS OUT OF YOU!
HEY, LOOK WHAT BLEW IN!
AW, GO FLY A KITE, COPPER!

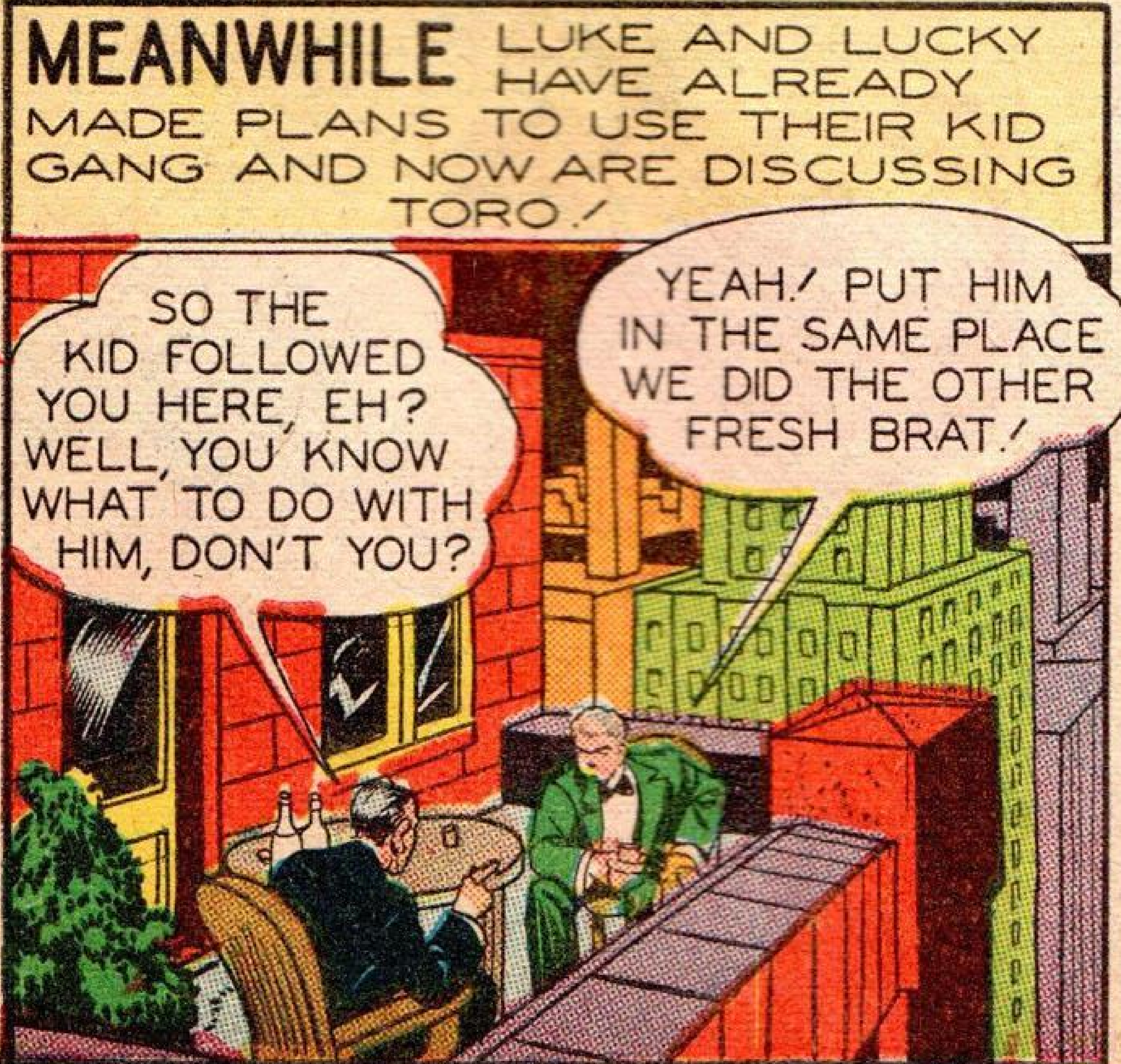
HI FELLOWS
HEY, YOU, WHATCHA SO HAPPY ABOUT? YOU AIN'T IN THE FREE WORLD NOW!
I'M GONNA BE! NO TWO-BIT JAIL LIKE DIS CAN HOLD RED MCGOWAN! I'M BREAKIN OUT! YOU GUYS WANT TO GO WITH ME?
DO WE? SAY, IF YOU CAN GET US OUTTA HERE, WE'LL PUT YA ONTO SOMETHIN' REALLY GOOD. WHATCHA SAY?
SURE! I BEEN LOOKIN' FOR A NEW RACKET! AS FOR GETTIN' OUT, JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! IT'S A CINCH!
THEY'D SLIT MY THROAT IF THEY KNEW THAT THIS IS ONE JAIL BREAK EVEN THE WARDEN'S IN ON!
THAT NIGHT, TORO LEADS HIS NEW COMPANIONS IN A BREAK OVER THE PRISON WALLS!
THERE'S TORO AND THE GANG NOW! HE CERTAINLY CONVINCED THEM HE'S ONE OF THEM!
I HOPE THIS TURNS OUT RIGHT! THIS IS THE FIRST BREAK WE'VE HAD!
LATER AT THE HOODLUMS CLUBHOUSE TORO IS INTRODUCED!
THIS IS THE BOSS, RED! BOSS, THIS IS THE GUY WHO HELPED US BREAK OUTTA THE JAIL!
GLAD TO SEE YUH, KID! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!
AS TORO WANDERS THROUGH THE CLUBHOUSE---
SAY! WHAT ABOUT THE ROBBERY ANGLE? WHY NOT SOUND OUT THE BOSS?
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO, STUPID! HE'S GOT A GOLD MINE IN THESE KIDS! I'LL SEE HIM TONIGHT.
I'VE GOT TO HEAR MORE OF THIS!
HOW D'YOU FIGURE ON CONVINCING THE KIDS? MOST OF THEM AREN'T CROOKED-- JUST HOG-WILD!
LEAVE THAT TO ME! AFTER A FEW SMACKS WITH A RUBBER HOSE, THEY'LL BE GLAD TO TURN CROOKED!
YOU SKUNKS!
FLAMING ON, TORO FOLLOWS LUKE.
I'LL TRAIL THIS RAT TO THE HIDE-OUT AND THEN CONTACT TORCH!
8

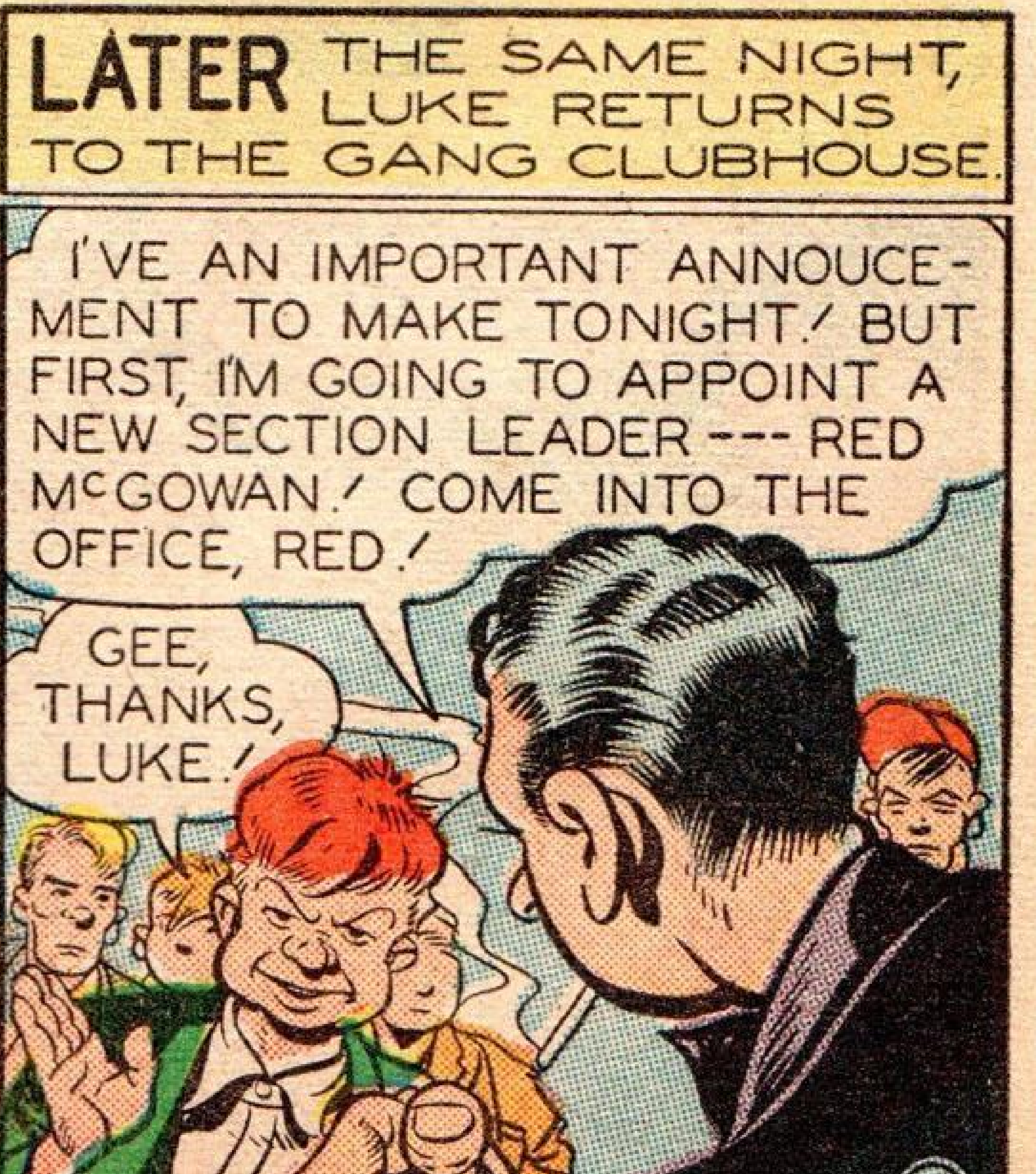

LUKE CATCHES SIGHT OF TORO'S FLAMING REFLECTION IN HIS REAR-VIEW MIRROR AS TORO FOLLOWS HIM TO AN EXCLUSIVE EAST SIDE APARTMENT./
SO THAT'S WHERE THE BOSS LIVES./ BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THE APARTMENT NUMBER./
WHAT THE-- IT'S THAT FLAMING SIDEKICK OF THE TORCH--TORO./ I'LL JUST MAKE OUT LIKE I DIDN'T SEE HIM./


TORO FOLLOWS LUKE INTO THE LOBBY./
I'LL WAIT UNTIL THE INDICATOR SHOWS WHAT FLOOR HE GETS OFF AT, THEN CALL TORCH./
SLAM


THE INDICATOR SHOWS PENTHOUSE./ NOW IT'S TIME TO SET THE BALL ROLLING./

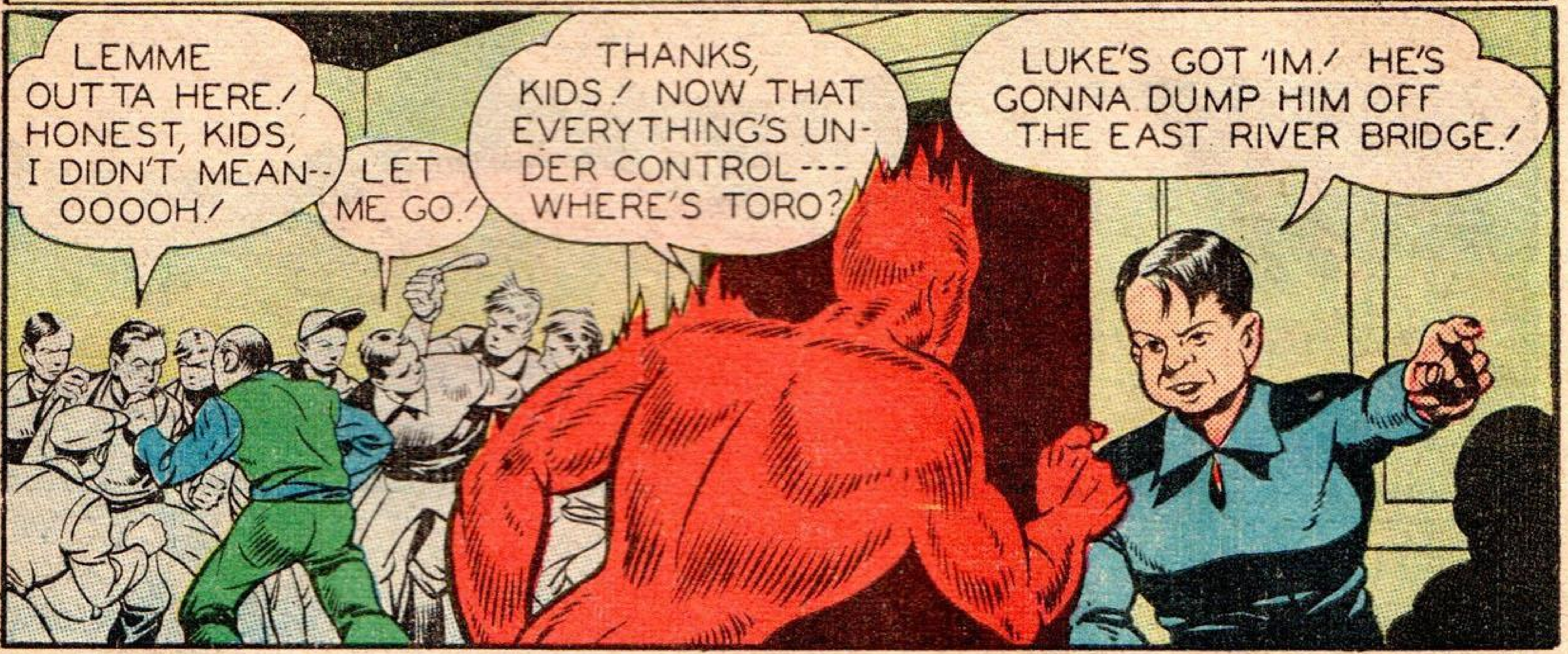

SOME MINUTES LATER, TORO RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES TO TORCH./
THE PENTHOUSE, HUH? THAT'S LUCKY BENSON'S PLACE-- THE GAMBLING KING./
I GUESS SO, TORCH./ THEY'VE GOT A PLAN TO USE THE KIDS FOR ROBBERY./ THAT'S ALL I KNOW FOR NOW./
OKAY, KID./ MEET ME AT MIDNIGHT CORNER OF SPRING AND BOWERY./ YOU SHOULD KNOW THE SCORE BY THEN./ SO LONG./
SO LONG./


MEANWHILE LUKE AND LUCKY HAVE ALREADY MADE PLANS TO USE THEIR KID GANG AND NOW ARE DISCUSSING TORO./
SO THE KID FOLLOWED YOU HERE, EH? WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM, DON'T YOU?
YEAH./ PUT HIM IN THE SAME PLACE WE DID THE OTHER FRESH BRAT./

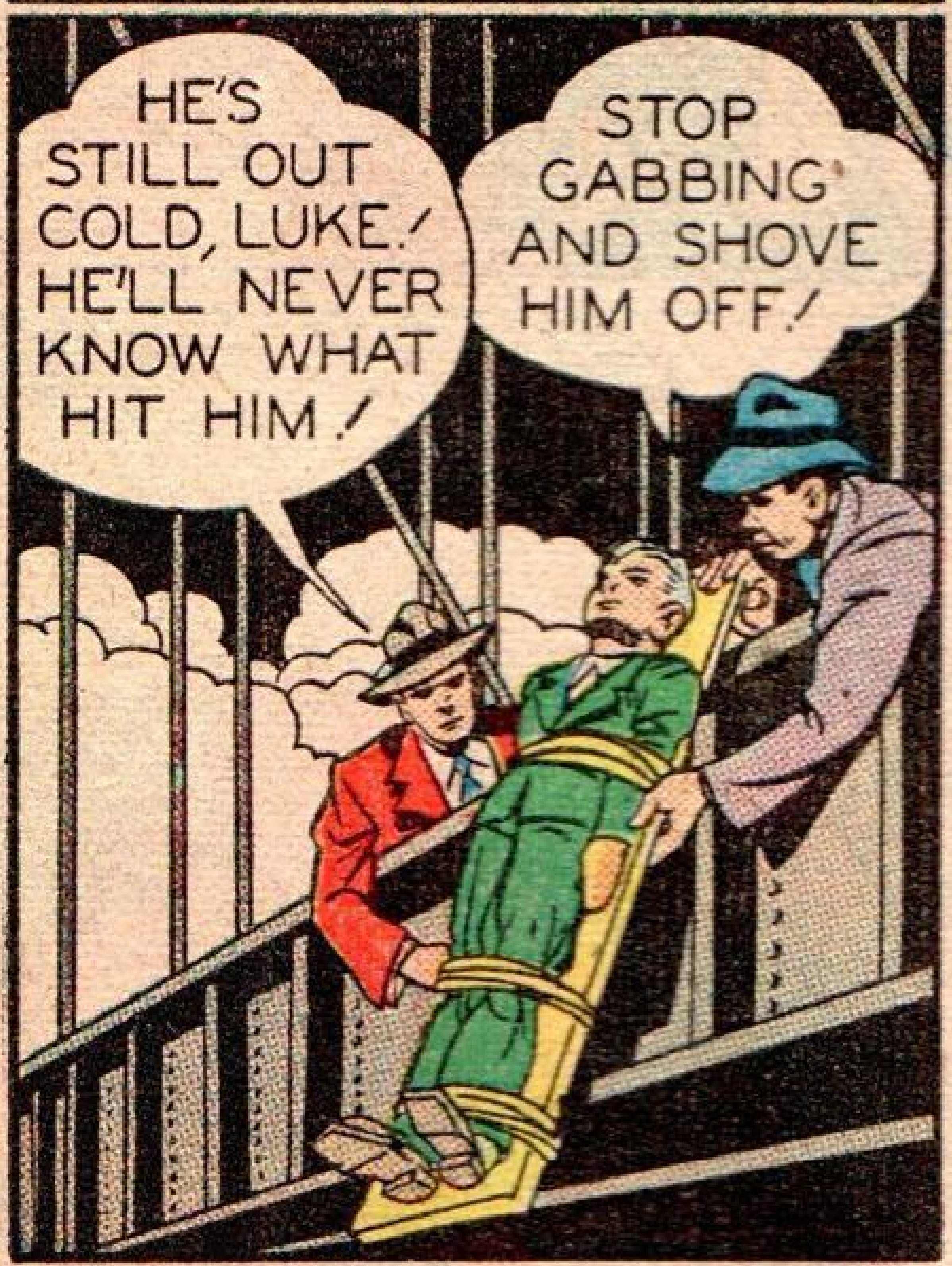

LATER THE SAME NIGHT, LUKE RETURNS TO THE GANG CLUBHOUSE.
I'VE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUCEMENT TO MAKE TONIGHT./ BUT FIRST, I'M GOING TO APPOINT A NEW SECTION LEADER --- RED McGOWAN./ COME INTO THE OFFICE, RED./
GEE, THANKS, LUKE./

BUT AS TORO STEPS INTO THE OFFICE!
NICE TIMING, BOYS. NOW WRAP 'IM UP IN THAT ASBESTOS ROPE I BROUGHT, AND DON'T FORGET THE SASH WEIGHTS.
PLOP
HEY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHATCHA DOIN' TO RED?
RED-- ME FOOT! THIS GUY'S TORO!
AND HES GOIN' WHERE ALL WISE GUYS GO--IN THE RIVER! BUT YOU AND LIMP STAY HERE AND MAKE THESE BRATS TOE THE LINE!
IT'S WAY PAST MIDNIGHT AND STILL NO SIGN OF TORO! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED! MAYBE LUCKY'S GANG IS WISE TO TORO!
I'LL MAKE A SURPRISE VISIT TO THE CLUBHOUSE! I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO TORO!
WHILE AT THE CLUBHOUSE TORO'S IDENTITY BRINGS ACTION!
LISTEN, GANG! IT'S TIME WE GOT WISE TO OURSELVES! WHILE OUR PARENTS WORK LONG HOURS IN DEFENSE PLANTS, WE'VE BEEN EASY PICKINGS FOR THOSE RATS!
RIGHT! WE'VE BEEN SUCKERS!
WE'RE AMERICANS! LET'S GO!
STAND BACK OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!
HERE'S OUR CHANCE! LET 'IM HAVE IT!
TORCH!

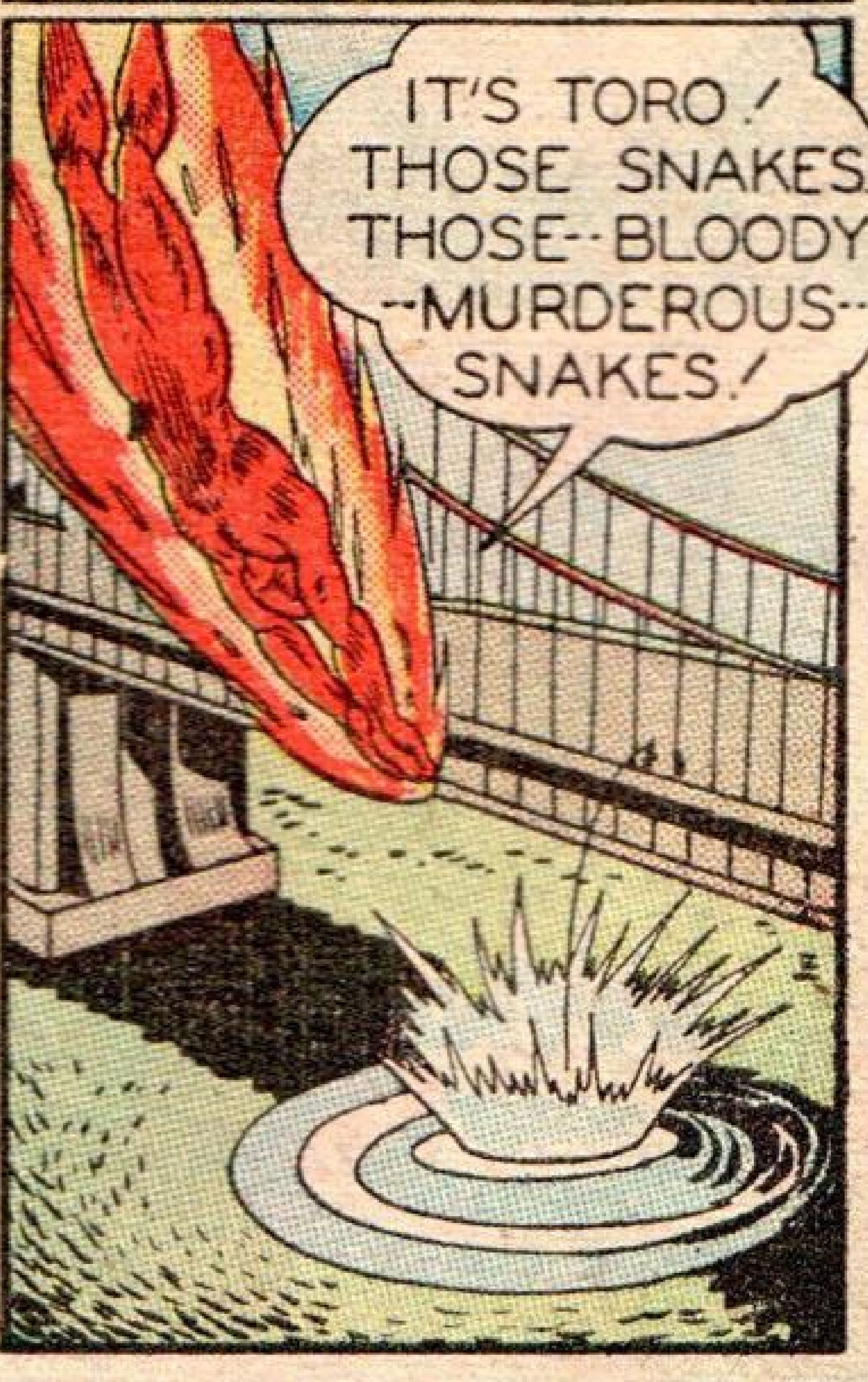
WITH TORCH'S TIMELY HELP, THE KIDS TAKE CARE OF BAT AND LIMPY!


LEMME OUTTA HERE! HONEST, KIDS, I DIDN'T MEAN-- OOOOH!
LET ME GO!
THANKS, KIDS! NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL--- WHERE'S TORO?
LUKE'S GOT 'IM! HE'S GONNA DUMP HIM OFF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE!

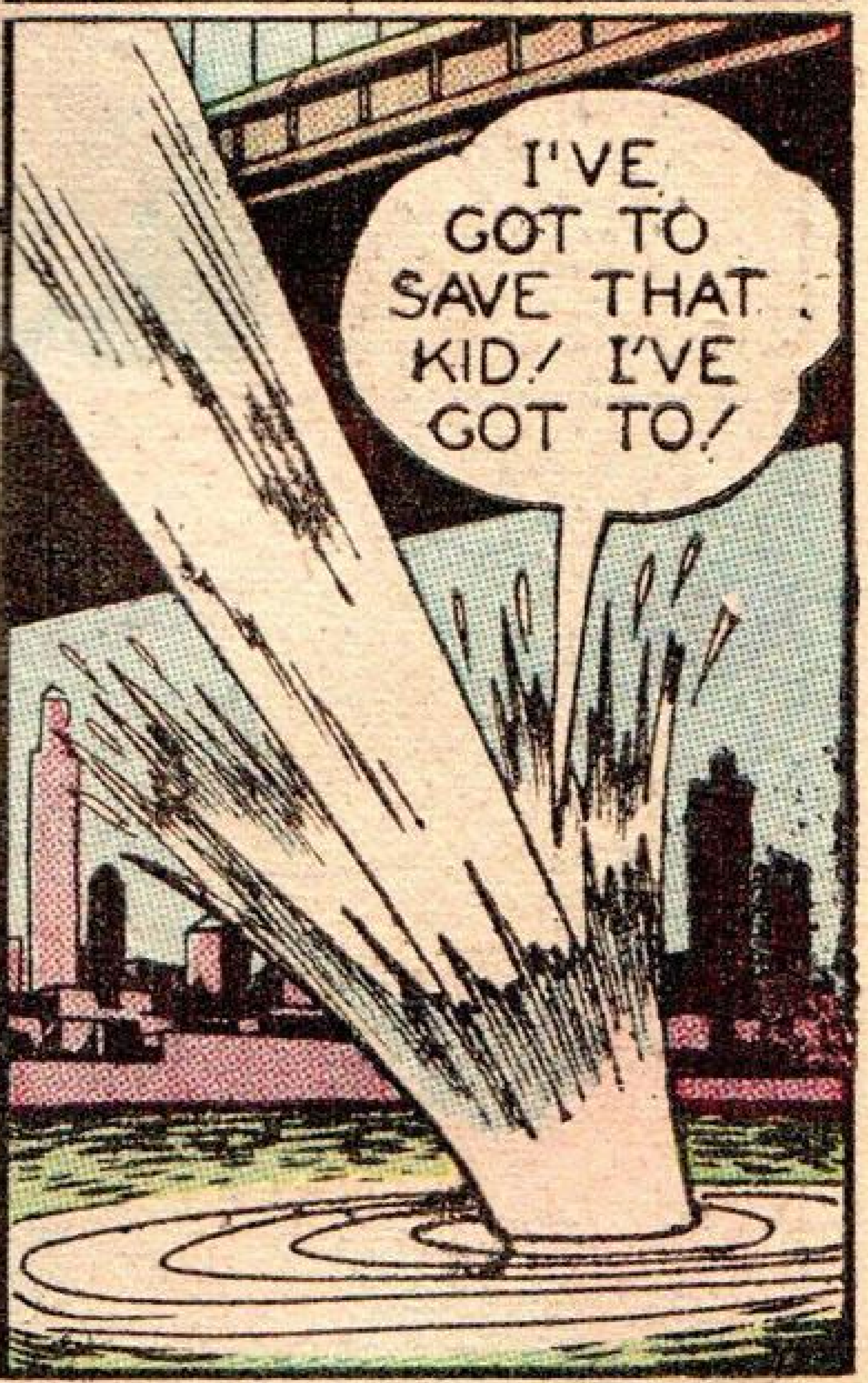
TORCH FLAMES DESPERATELY FOR THE BRIDGE AS LUKE AND HIS PALS...


HE'S STILL OUT COLD, LUKE! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!
STOP GABBING AND SHOVE HIM OFF!

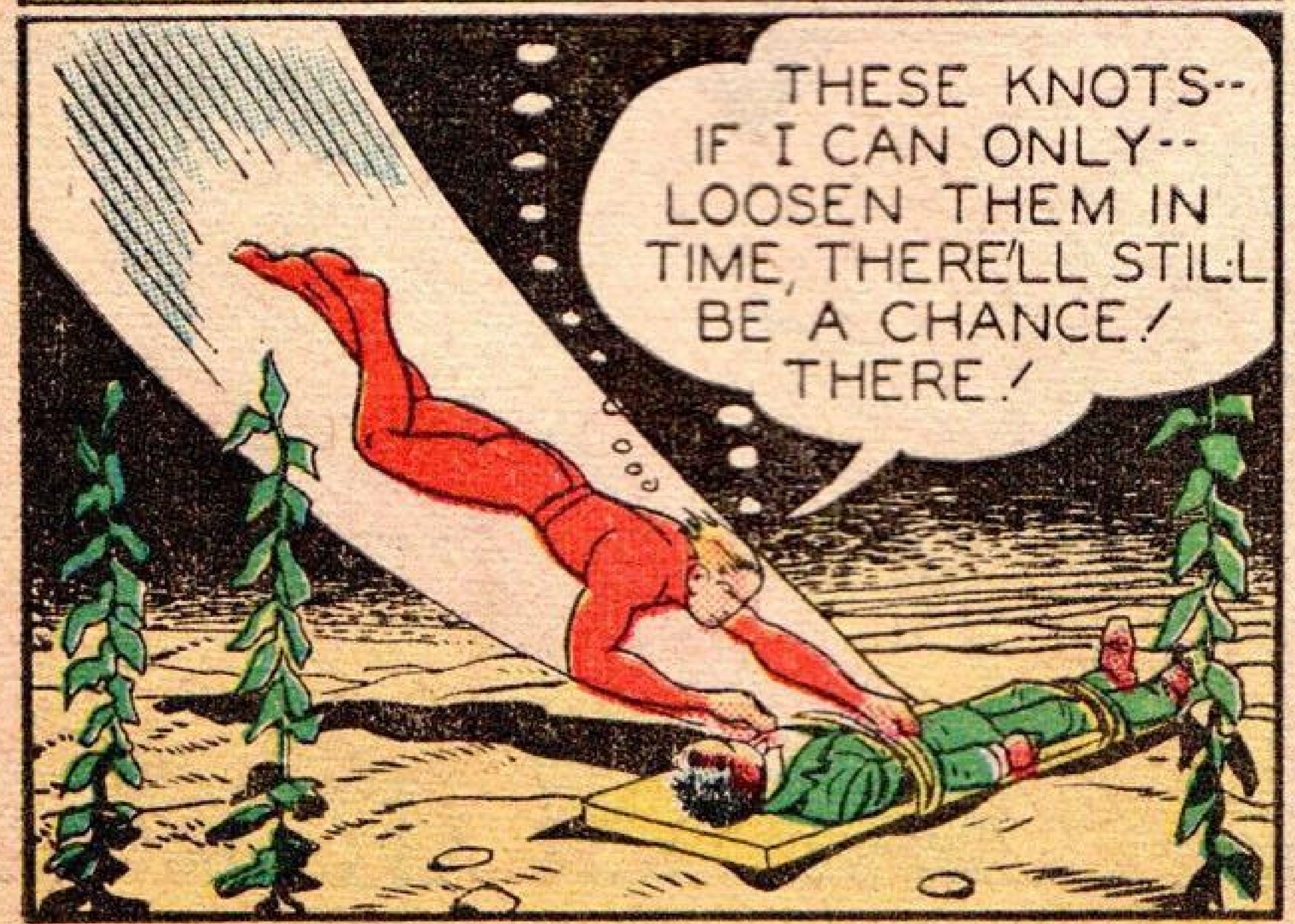
AS TORO'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY HITS THE WATER!


IT'S TORO! THOSE SNAKES. THOSE--BLOODY --MURDEROUS-- SNAKES!

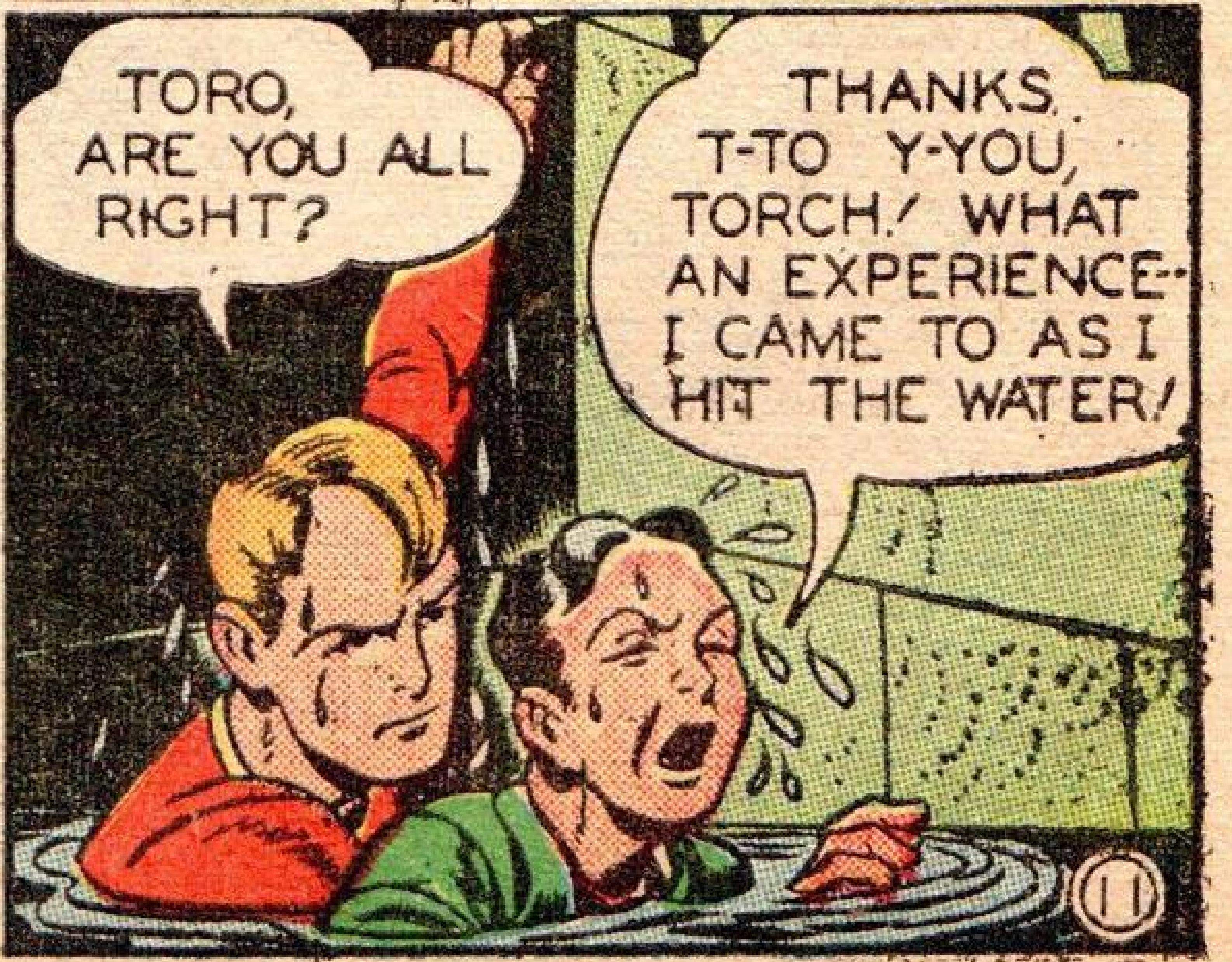
WITHOUT A MOMENT'S STOP---

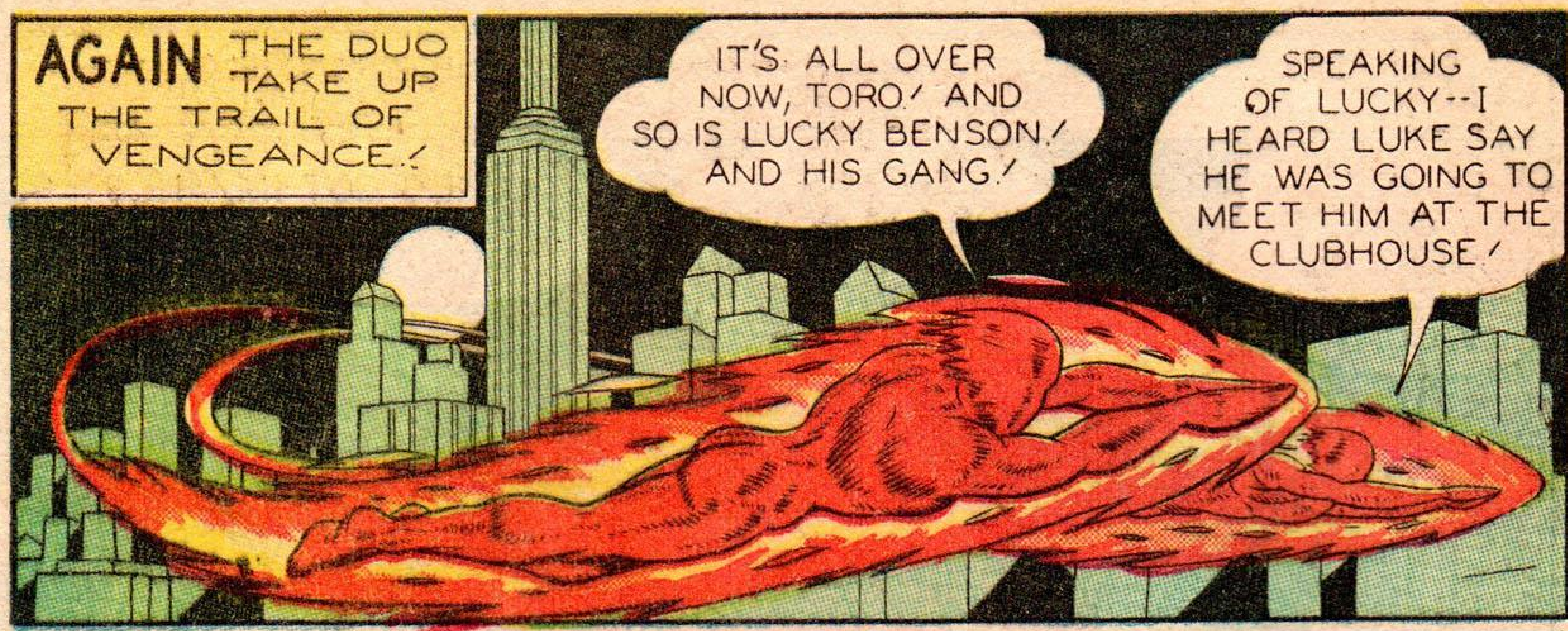

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT KID! I'VE GOT TO!

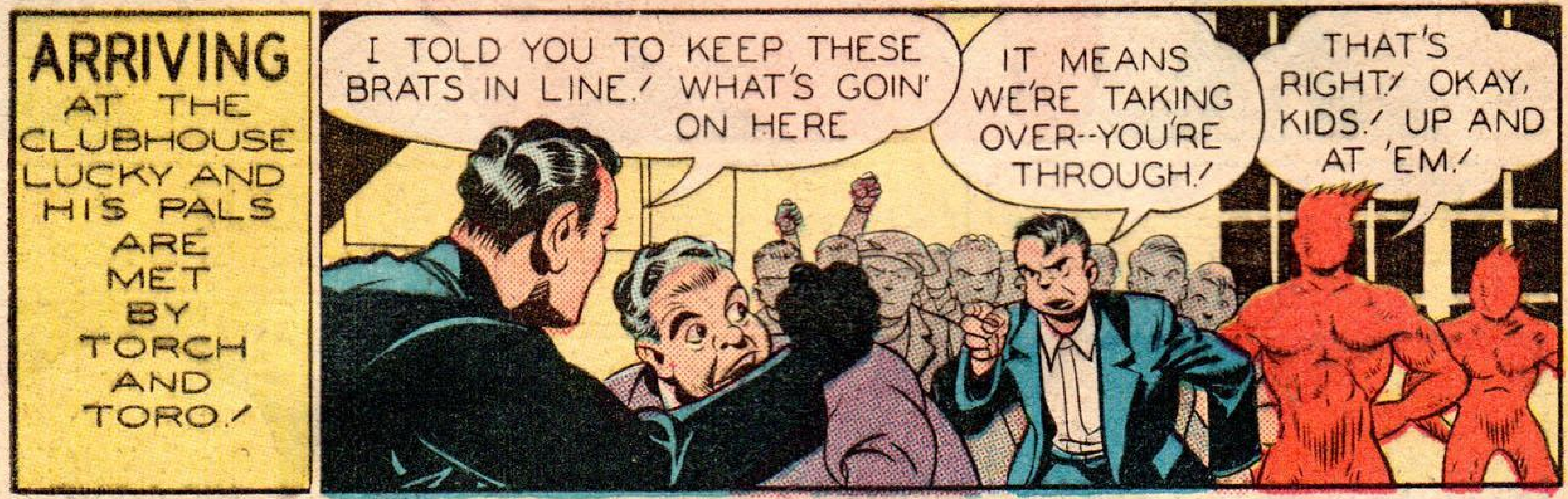
PLUNGING DOWN--DOWN-- TORCH DRIVES HIMSELF TO THE COLD MUD ON THE RIVER BOTTOM!

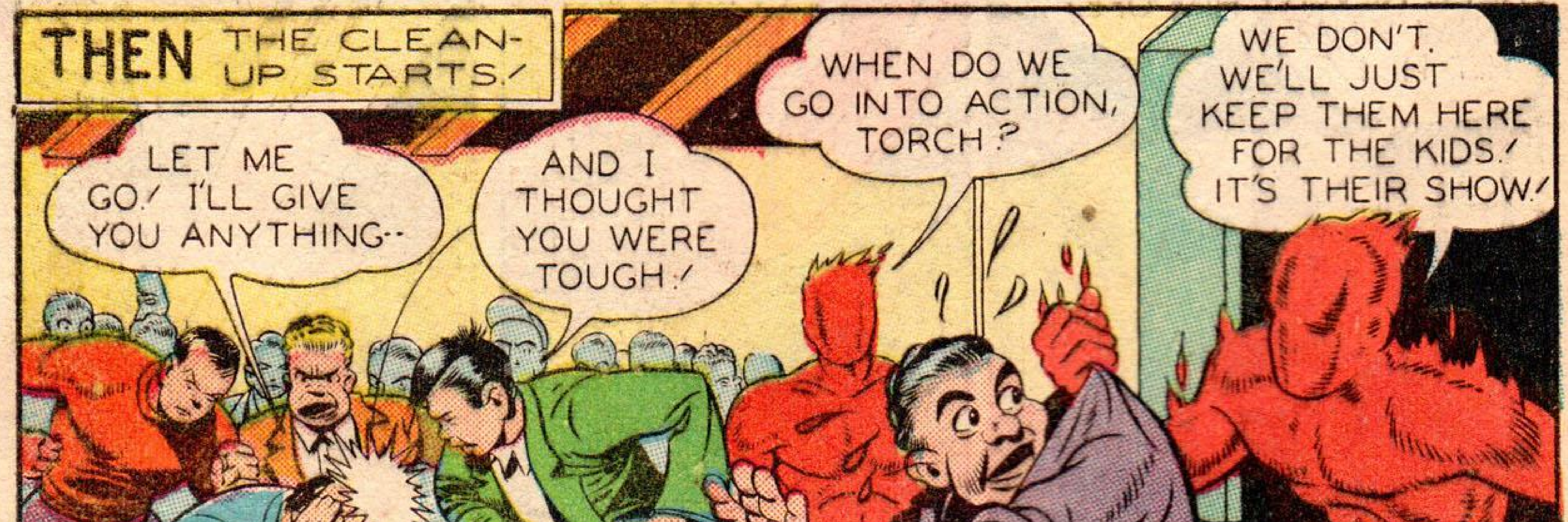

THESE KNOTS-- IF I CAN ONLY-- LOOSEN THEM IN TIME, THERE'LL STILL BE A CHANCE! THERE!

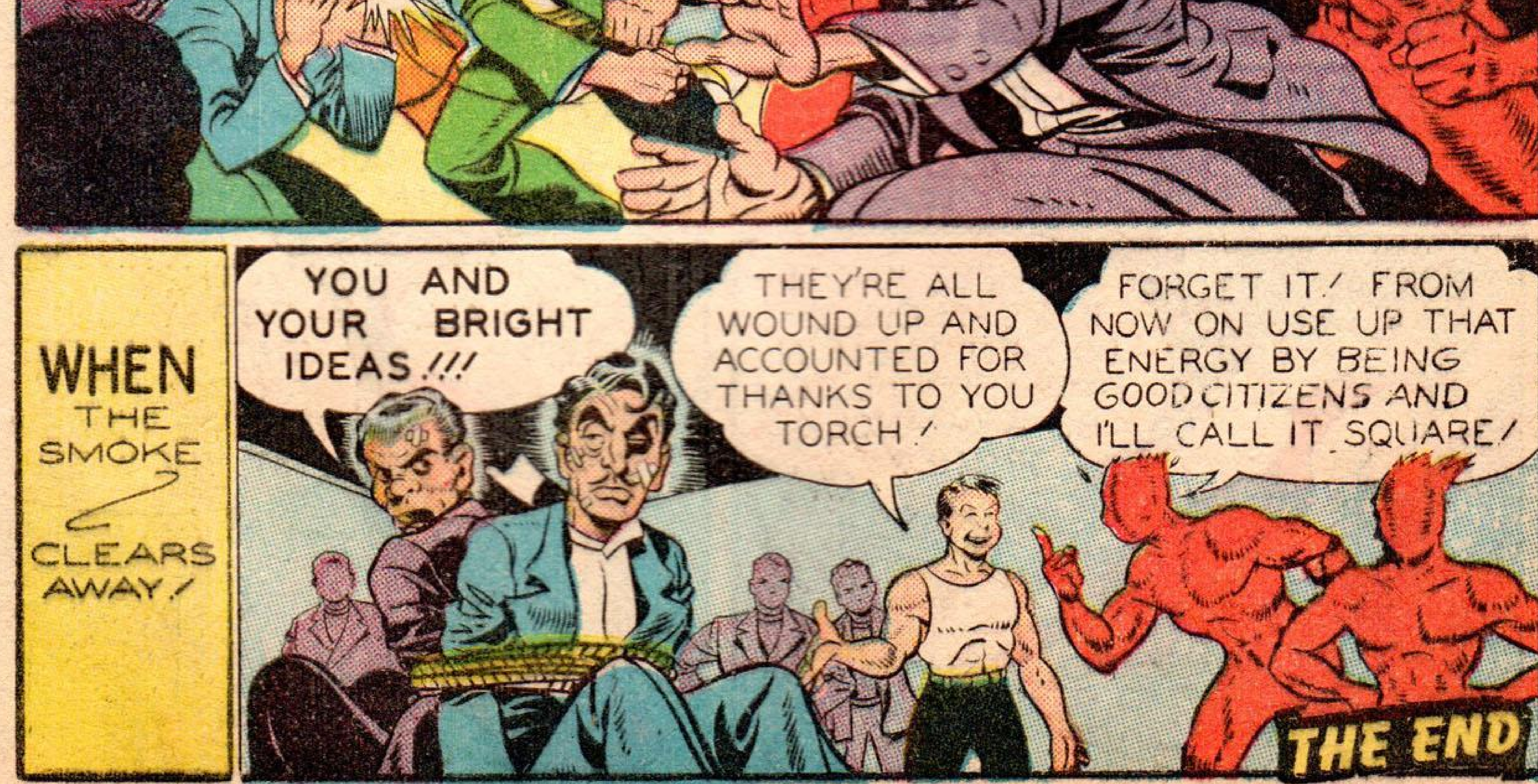
LOOSENING TORO'S KNOTS, TORCH USES HIS LAST REMAINING POWER TO DRAG HIM TO THE TOP!


TORO, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
THANKS, T-TO Y-YOU, TORCH! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE-- I CAME TO AS I HIT THE WATER!

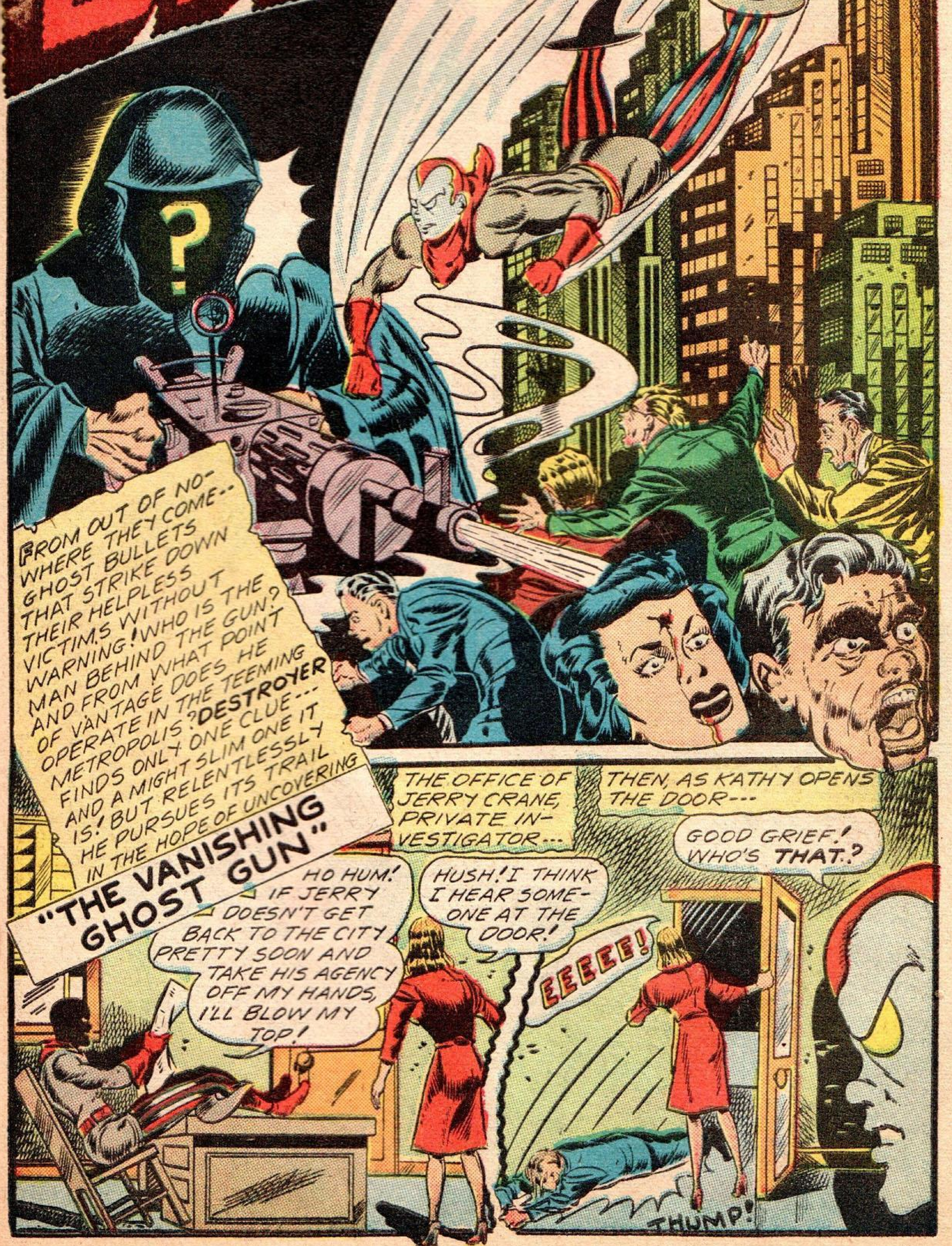

AGAIN THE DUO TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF VENGEANCE!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW, TORO! AND SO IS LUCKY BENSON! AND HIS GANG!
SPEAKING OF LUCKY--I HEARD LUKE SAY HE WAS GOING TO MEET HIM AT THE CLUBHOUSE!

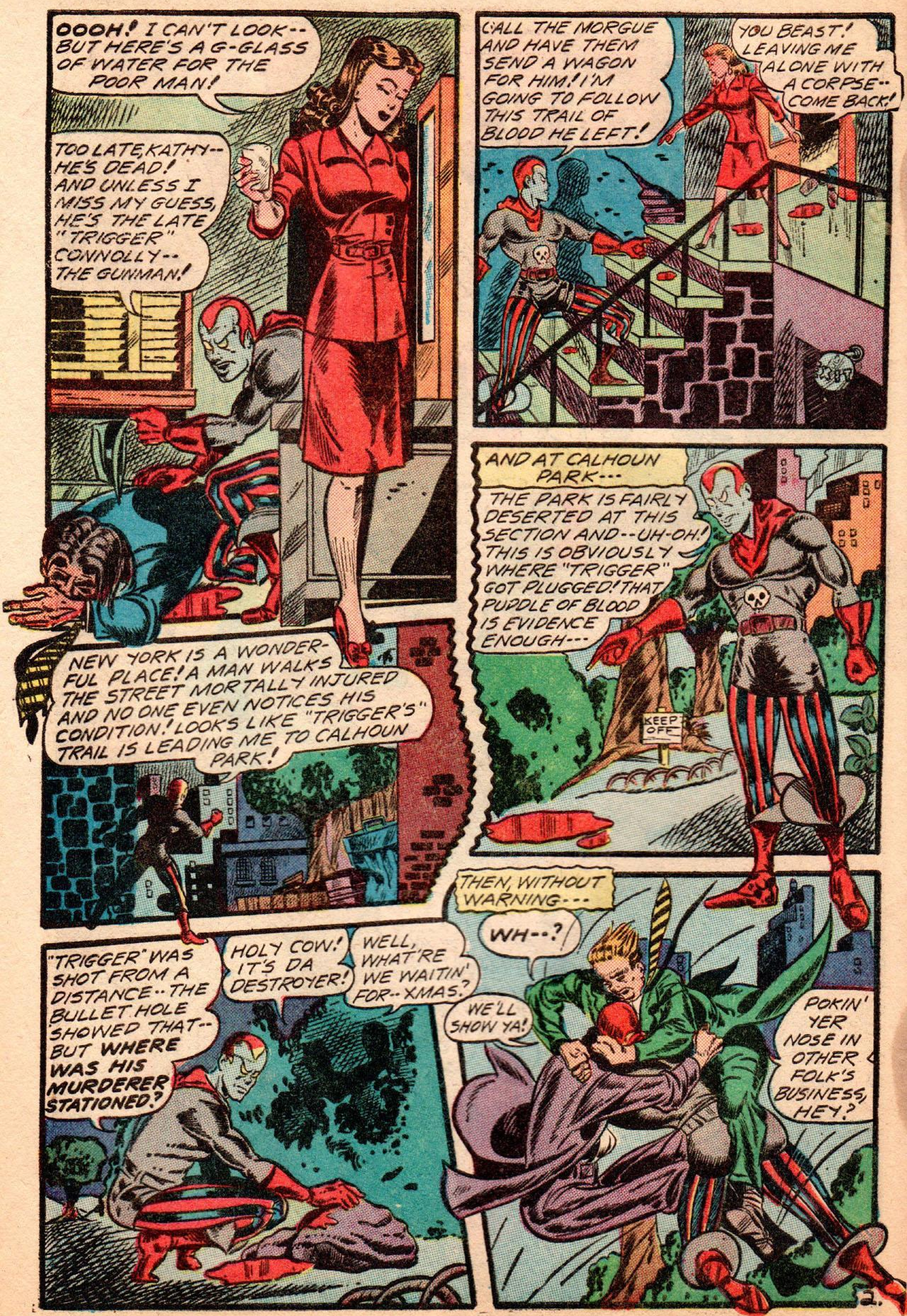

ARRIVING AT THE CLUBHOUSE LUCKY AND HIS PALS ARE MET BY TORCH AND TORO!
I TOLD YOU TO KEEP THESE BRATS IN LINE! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE
IT MEANS WE'RE TAKING OVER--YOU'RE THROUGH!
THAT'S RIGHT! OKAY, KIDS! UP AND AT 'EM!


THEN THE CLEAN-UP STARTS!
LET ME GO! I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING--
AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOUGH!
WHEN DO WE GO INTO ACTION, TORCH?
WE DON'T. WE'LL JUST KEEP THEM HERE FOR THE KIDS! IT'S THEIR SHOW!


WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS AWAY!
YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS!!!
THEY'RE ALL WOUND UP AND ACCOUNTED FOR THANKS TO YOU TORCH!
FORGET IT! FROM NOW ON USE UP THAT ENERGY BY BEING GOOD CITIZENS AND I'LL CALL IT SQUARE!
THE END

THE DESTROYER


FROM OUT OF NOWHERE THEY COME-- GHOST BULLETS THAT STRIKE DOWN THEIR HELPLESS VICTIMS WITHOUT WARNING! WHO IS THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN? AND FROM WHAT POINT OF VANTAGE DOES HE OPERATE IN THE TEEMING METROPOLIS? DESTROYER FINDS ONLY ONE CLUE--- AND A MIGHT SLIM ONE IT IS! BUT RELENTLESSLY HE PURSUES ITS TRAIL IN THE HOPE OF UNCOVERING
"THE VANISHING GHOST GUN"
THE OFFICE OF JERRY CRANE, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR...
HO HUM! IF JERRY DOESN'T GET BACK TO THE CITY PRETTY SOON AND TAKE HIS AGENCY OFF MY HANDS, I'LL BLOW MY TOP!
HUSH! I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!
THEN, AS KATHY OPENS THE DOOR---
GOOD GRIEF! WHO'S THAT?
EEEEEE!
THUMP!


OOOH! I CAN'T LOOK-- BUT HERE'S A G-GLASS OF WATER FOR THE POOR MAN!
TOO LATE, KATHY-- HE'S DEAD! AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HE'S THE LATE "TRIGGER" CONNOLLY-- THE GUNMAN!
CALL THE MORGUE AND HAVE THEM SEND A WAGON FOR HIM! I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THIS TRAIL OF BLOOD HE LEFT!
YOU BEAST! LEAVING ME ALONE WITH A CORPSE-- COME BACK!
NEW YORK IS A WONDERFUL PLACE! A MAN WALKS THE STREET MORTALLY INJURED AND NO ONE EVEN NOTICES HIS CONDITION! LOOKS LIKE "TRIGGER'S" TRAIL IS LEADING ME TO CALHOUN PARK!
AND AT CALHOUN PARK---
THE PARK IS FAIRLY DESERTED AT THIS SECTION AND--UH-OH! THIS IS OBVIOUSLY WHERE "TRIGGER" GOT PLUGGED! THAT PUDDLE OF BLOOD IS EVIDENCE ENOUGH---
KEEP OFF
"TRIGGER" WAS SHOT FROM A DISTANCE-- THE BULLET HOLE SHOWED THAT-- BUT WHERE WAS HIS MURDERER STATIONED?
HOLY COW! IT'S DA DESTROYER!
WELL, WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR--XMAS?
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING---
WH--?
WE'LL SHOW YA!
POKIN' YER NOSE IN OTHER FOLK'S BUSINESS, HEY?

QUICKLY REGAINING HIS BALANCE, THE MIGHTY DESTROYER LASHES OUT---
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT--BUT DEAL ME IN!
OOOF!
KEEP YOUR PARK CLEAN
MEANWHILE, A PARK POLICEMAN IS STROLLING NEARBY, WHEN---
AH! 'TIS A GRAND NIGHT FOR--- WOW! SOUNDS LIKE A MURDER BEING DONE! I BETTER SIGNAL FOR HELP!
POLICE
PFWEEET PHWEET
POLICE
AND A FEW BLOCKS AWAY--
PFWEET PFWEET PFWEET
LISTEN! TROUBLE IN THE PARK! STEP ON IT!
RIGHT!
POLICE
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I WOULD SEE-- A THUG SO UGLY IN A TREE!
NOW TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT---- SUFFERIN' CATS! THE DESTROYER!
YOU CERTAINLY DIDN'T NEED MY HELP, DESTROYER--- BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYING TO FIND OUT, OFFICER!
3

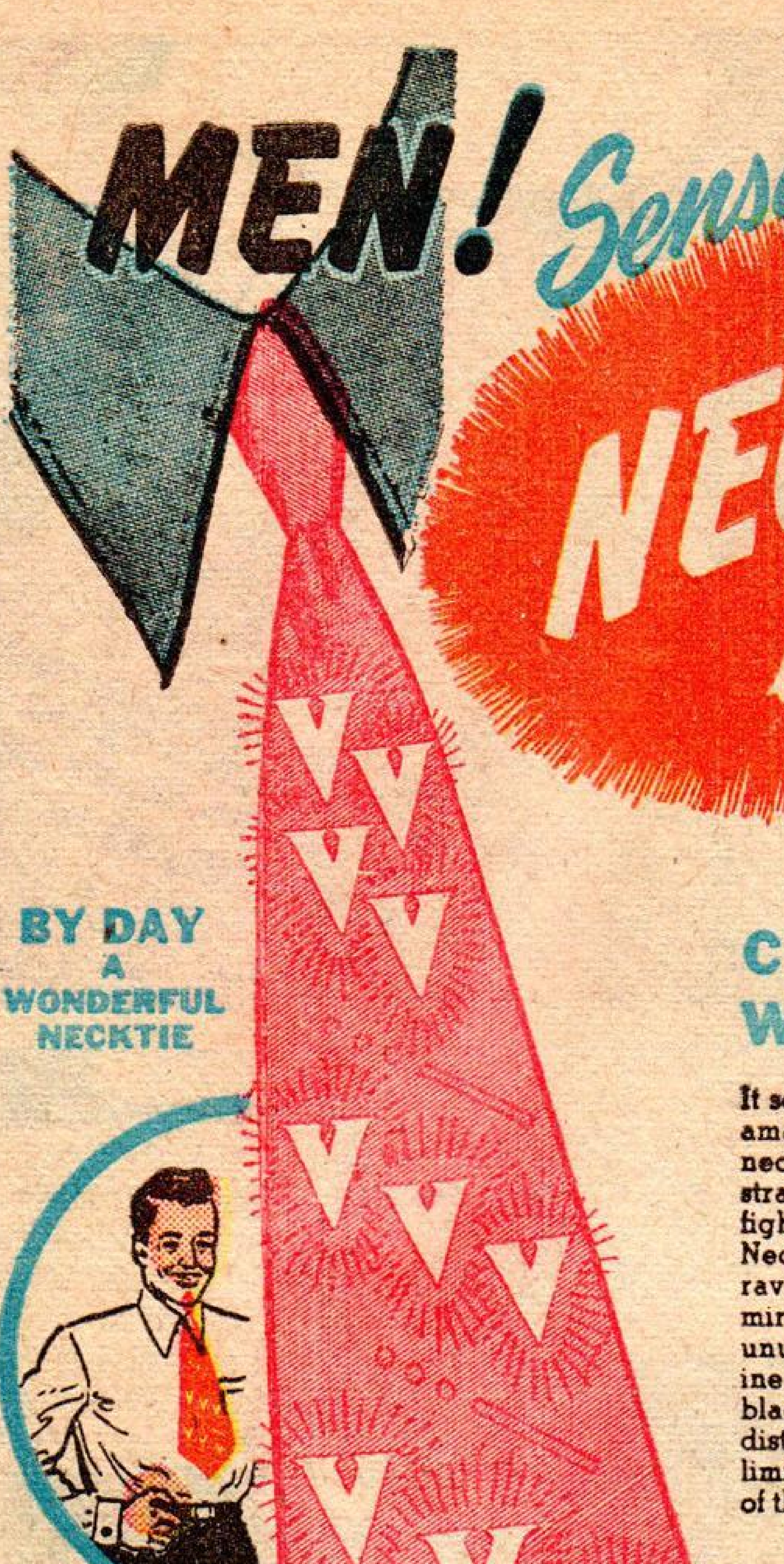
SUDDENLY--
CALLING CAR 27! CALLING CAR 27! MAN FOUND MURDERED AT 23RD STREET AND ELM! PROCEED THERE AT ONCE!
WHEW! ANOTHER ONE!
DESTROYER! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TAKE THOSE BIRDS TO HEADQUARTERS AND GRILL THEM! I'M HOPPING OVER TO 23RD AND ELM! TA TA!
DRUGS
23RD STREET AND ELM--
KNUCKLES BENDER, WHEW! LOOKS LIKE AN ALL-OUT GANG WAR! BUT WHERE DO THE KILLERS OPERATE? AGAIN THE BULLET HOLE SHOWS THE MURDER WEAPON WAS FIRED AT A DISTANCE!
AND WHEN THE MORGUE WAGON PULLS UP---
TCH, TCH! ANOTHER STIFF!
TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS! UNLESS I CAN DISCOVER WHO'S SLOWLY BUT SURELY RUBBING OUT THESE MOBSTERS, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MIGHTY BUSY TONIGHT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT CALHOUN PARK---
WITH THE DENSE FOLIAGE HEREBOUTS, CHANCES ARE THAT THE BULLET THAT KILLED "TRIGGER" TRAVELED THROUGH SOME OF IT! I'M GOING OVER THESE TREES BRANCH BY BRANCH AND LEAF BY LEAF---
AND AFTER CLIMBING AGILELY THROUGH THE NEIGHBORING TREES--
FOUND IT! THE SWEETEST, NEATEST LITTLE BULLET HOLE I EVER DID SEE!
NOW TO TIE A HANDKERCHIEF AROUND THIS LIMB AND FIGURE OUT THE ANGLE OF TRAJECTION FROM THE SPOT WHERE "TRIGGER" MET WITH DISASTER---

THE BULLET TRAVELED AT THIS ANGLE, WHICH MEANS THAT THE GUN WAS FIRED FROM-- HOLY SMOKE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THIS! TRIGGER WAS SHOT BY SOME-ONE IN THE STEEPLE OF---
---THE UNION STATE BUILDING! THE MOST OBVIOUS PLACE IN THE CITY--THE LAST PLACE YOU'D EXPECT A MURDER TO HIDE!
MEANWHILE, IN THE TOWER OF THE UNION STATE BUILDING---
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, CHUM! SOONER OR LATER THE WHOLE MOB HAS TO PASS THIS PART OF TOWN AND WE'LL KNOCK 'EM ALL OFF, ONE BY ONE!
CAN'T SEE A SIGN OF TRIGGER'S MEN, BOSS!
AND AT THE FOOT OF THE ELEVATOR SHAFT---
IRON MUSCLES, TEMPERED TO ENDURE TERRIFIC STRAIN, CARRY THE DESTROYER TO THE 85TH FLOOR---
LAST STOP-- ALL OUT! AND WHAT A CLIMB IT'S BEEN! WHEW!
WHOEVER'S BEHIND THESE MYSTERIOUS SHOOTINGS IS UP IN THE TOWER! I'LL HAVE THE ADVANTAGE IF I CATCH HIM OFF GUARD!

AND IN THE TOWER ROOM--
BOSS-QUICK! DERE GOES JOE THE STOOLIE, DOWN ON FOURT AVENUE!
WELL! I'LL MOW HIM DOWN!
SUDDENLY! A WHIRLWIND ENTRANCE BY------ THE DESTROYER!!
GET AWAY FROM THAT GUN, NUMBERS! YOUR HOLIDAY FOR MURDER IS OVER!
EEEOW! IT'S-- IT'S---
DA DESTROYER! HOW'D HE FIND US---?
A LITTLE SIMPLE ARITHMATIC LED ME TO YOUR STAMPING GROUNDS!
DON'T WORRY, NUMBERS! I'LL DRILL 'IM!
DROP THAT GUN, RAT! ON YOU IT'S NOT BECOMING!
OOOFF!!
MEANWHILE, THE THIRD CROOK CATCHES THE DESTROYER OFF GUARD---
HA! HA! LEFT YERSELF WIDE OPEN FER DIS, DESTROYER---
I'LL FIX HIM THIS TIME!
EEEOWW!!
YOU HAD ME FOR A MINUTE, BUD!

YOU WON'T GET ME, DESTROYER!
I TOLD YOU TO GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT GUN--AND I MEAN BUSINESS!
I'M NOT GONNA SWING FOR THOSE MURDERS, DESTROYER!
COME BACK, YOU FOOL--
FOR ONE TENSE SECOND, NUMBERS IS POISED ON THE LEDGE--- THEN, DISASTER!!!
EEEEEEEEEEEE
POOR NUMBERS! HE DIED AS HE LIVED--A COWARD TO THE LAST!
COME ALONG, YOU TWO! THERE'S A GENTLEMAN DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS WHO'S JUST DYING TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!
AND WE HAD SUCH A PRETTY SET-UP! WE'D A BEEN DA KINGS OF DA UNDER-WORLD! PFUI!!
AND SOMETIME LATER---
WELL, WE SETTLED THE MYSTERY OF THE VANISHING GHOST GUN, KATHY! NOW I WISH SOMETHING EXCITING WOULD HAPPEN!
YOU DO, EH?
KATHY'S SILK-SHEATHED LEG KICKS OUT AND---
THERE! SOMETHING HAPPENED! DON'T EVER LET ME HEAR YOU SAY THAT AGAIN!
TAKE IT EASY, KATHY! FOR PETE'S SAKE--AND MINE! TAKE IT EASY!
CRASH!
THE END

MEN! Sensational New NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!



CREATES A SENSATION WHEREVER YOU GO . . .

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code — "V!" It's called the new Victory Necktie and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, and makes it the most unusual strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts or dimouts for its light can be seen at a distance. And now through this astounding but limited introductory offer you too can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.

YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF

SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON . . . TEST AT OUR RISK

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive but it won't cost you $5.00 nor even $2.00, for under this special limited offer it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

ONLY 98¢

Everywhere you go, by day or night, your Victory (also called Blackout) Necktie will attract attention, envy, and admiration. Imagine its beauty by day—the fighting man's . . . — "V" for Victory, in striking, red, white and blue! And at night the Victory Code in flaming beauty! Wear this tie with pride—it's smart, wrinkleproof—and holds its shape perfectly. A superb bargain in quality, with the added sensational magic of glowing in the dark. Send for yours now!

MAIL THIS COUPON!

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO. Dept. 854 K
215 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago 1, Ill.

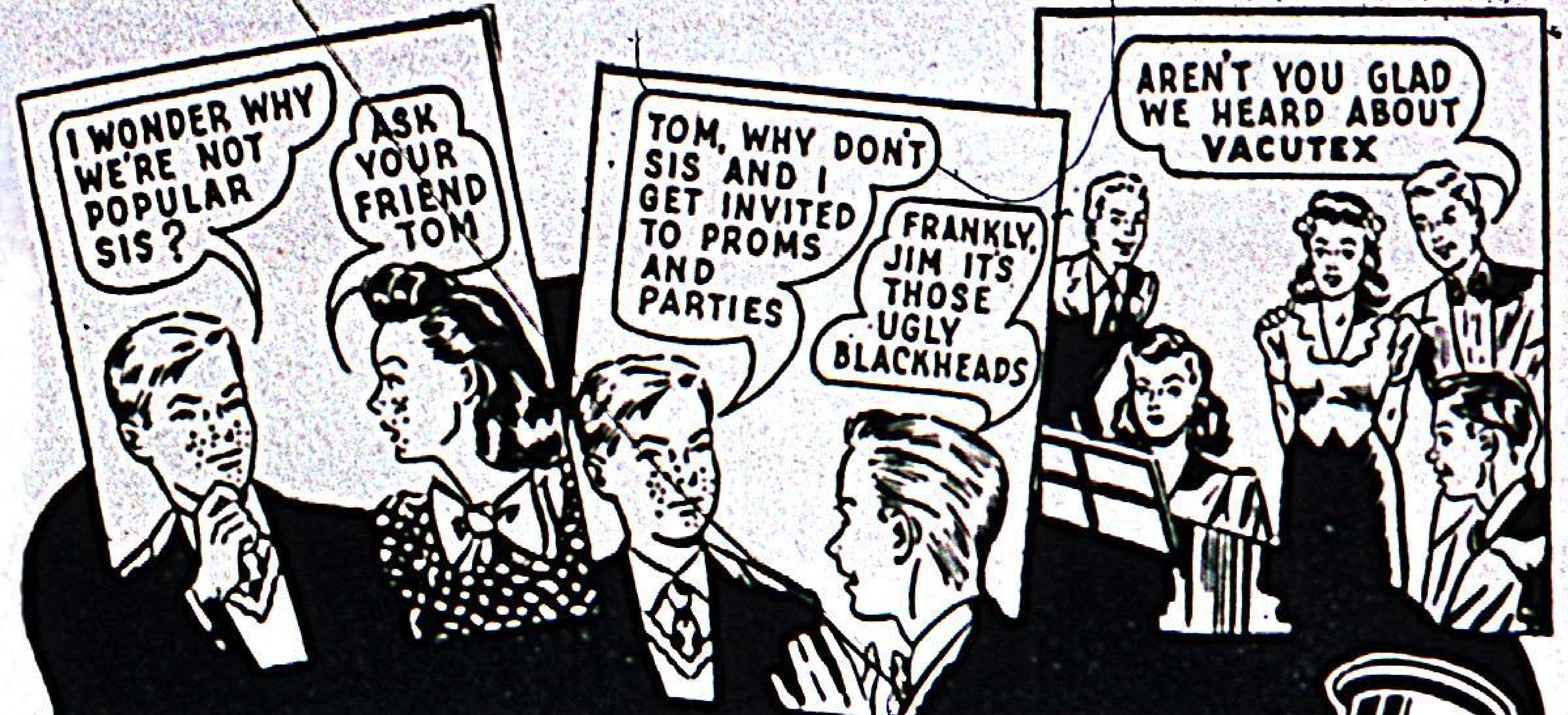
Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Neckties for $2.79 check here ☐

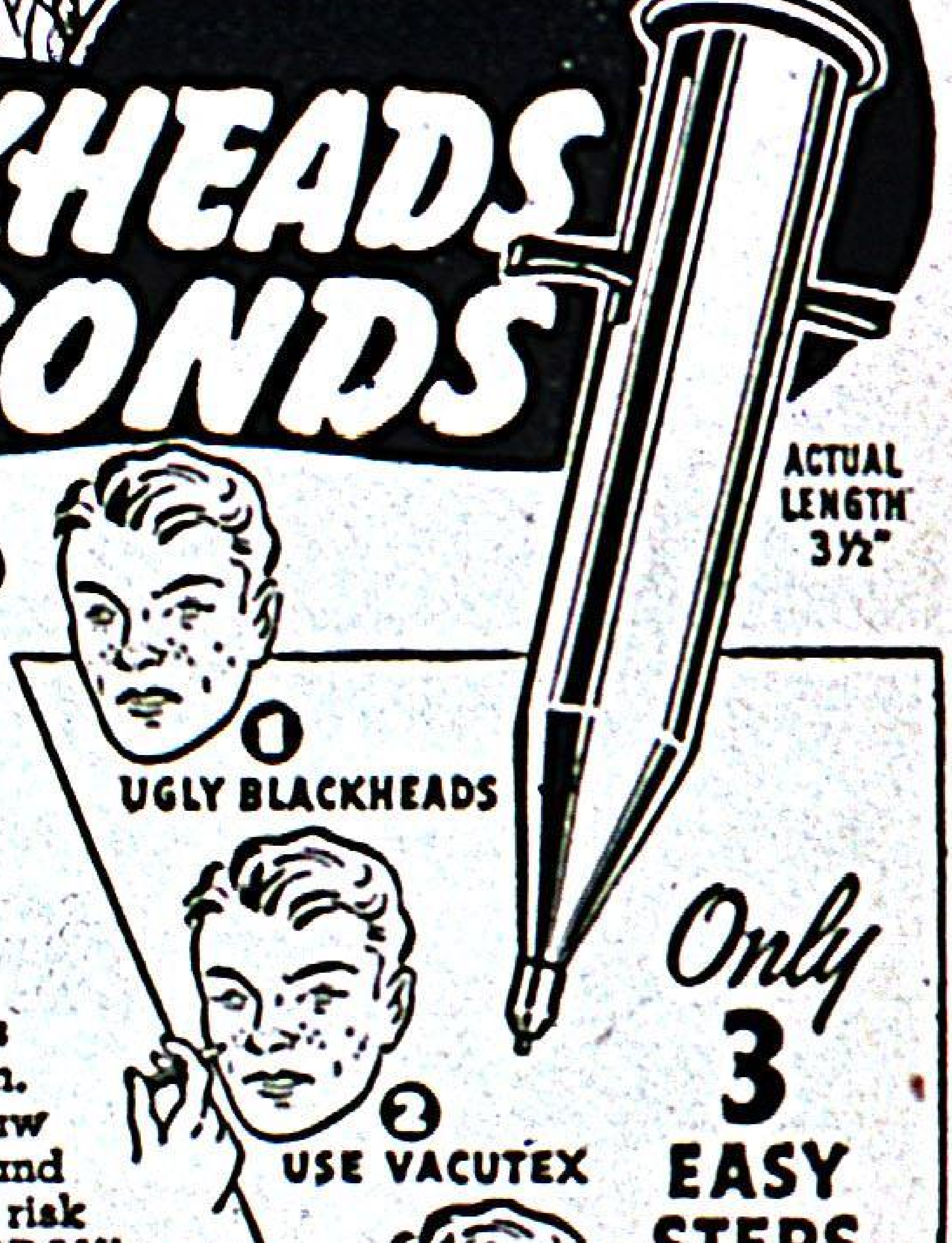
Name ....

Address ....

City .... Zone .... State ....


I WONDER WHY WE'RE NOT POPULAR SIS?
ASK YOUR FRIEND TOM
TOM, WHY DON'T SIS AND I GET INVITED TO PROMS AND PARTIES
FRANKLY, JIM ITS THOSE UGLY BLACKHEADS
AREN'T YOU GLAD WE HEARD ABOUT VACUTEX

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS


ACTUAL LENGTH 3½"
① UGLY BLACKHEADS
② USE VACUTEX
③ THEY'RE OUT
Only 3 EASY STEPS

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

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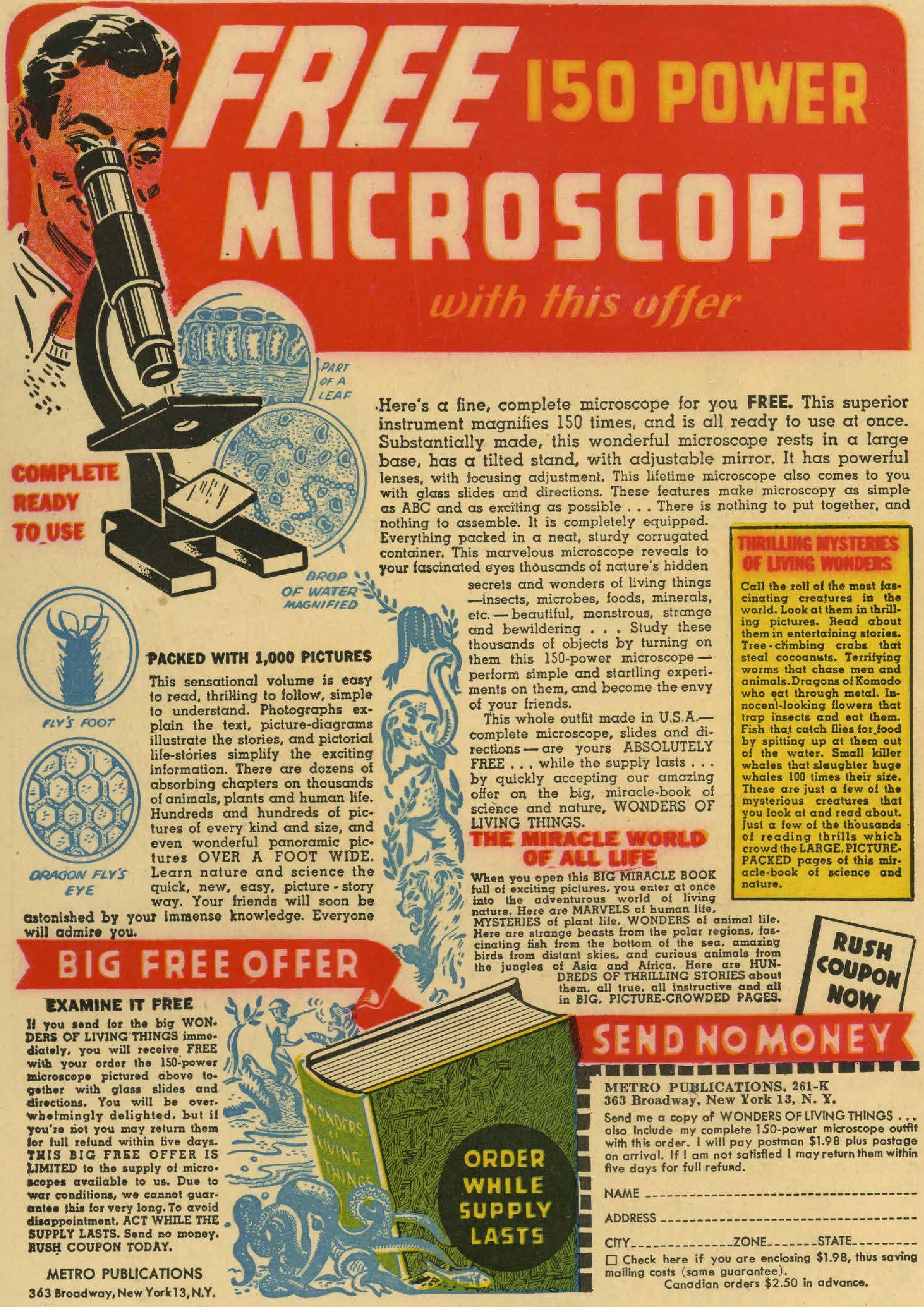

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